

The Grail

A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

VOLUME 10

JUNE, 1928

NUMBER 2

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\$3.00 the Year

25¢ the Copy

THE GRAIL, a national, popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Member of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

The price per copy is 25 cents; \$3.00 the year; Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U. S. A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1927; authorized June 5, 1919.

Notify us promptly of change of address, and give both the old and the new addresses.

Make all checks, drafts, postal and express money orders payable to "The Abbey Press." Do not use or add any other name.

Address manuscripts to the editor.

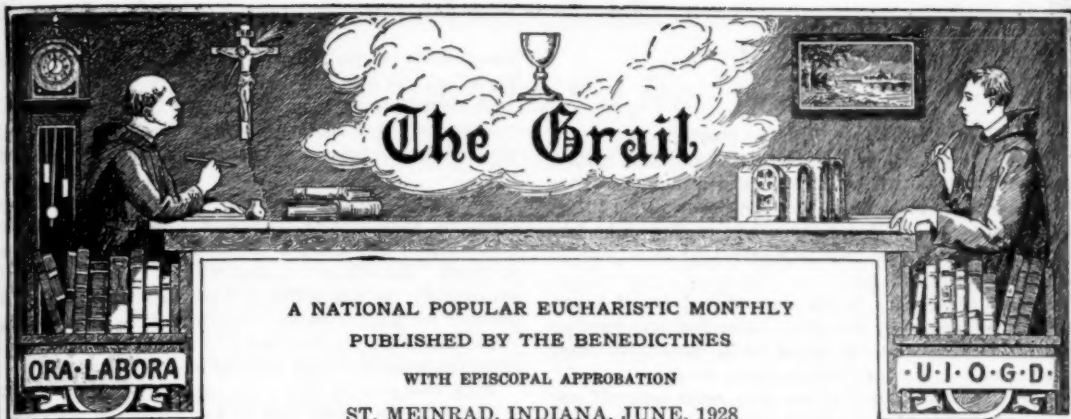
Address all business letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertising, etc., to "The Abbey Press," St. Meinrad, Indiana.



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Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

June Thoughts

June is a month of many happy memories. There have been other Junes that recorded first communions and confirmations, closing of school and happy vacations begun, vocations decided, ordinations conferred, June brides given away, and a host of other events at the turning point of life's pilgrimage that are now pleasant memories.

June is, above all, the month consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus from Whom richest blessings flow in great profusion upon us. In monastery and convent and parish, wherever customary or practicable, daily June devotions that close with Benediction are a source of abundant grace. Devout attendance at Mass, Benediction, and visits to the Lone Prisoner of the Tabernacle move the Sacred Heart of Jesus to fill with love and peace and consolation those who thus honor Him.

The beautiful feast of Corpus Christi, which always falls on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday, but which is generally celebrated on the Sunday following, occurs this year on June 7. How inspiring is the Corpus Christi procession with the Blessed Sacrament that is conducted out in the open, where circumstances permit such public demonstration. Then it is that God, as it were, comes unto His own and among His own. It is, in fact, God's own feast to which His children flock to do Him public honor and profess before the whole world the faith that is in them.

Next follows on June 15 the feast of the Sacred Heart—the Heart that has loved men so much, the heart that, figuratively speaking, ceases not day and night to beat in His Eucharistic presence out of love for us. That Heart keeps constant vigil, watching and listening for worshipers to come in the early morn, yearning to unite them to Him in Holy Communion, waiting to bestow upon them the riches of His grace. Does He wait in vain? Alas, how few respond to those ardent desires or hearken to the loving call.

To a multitude of boys and girls at the close of

school comes the gentle tapping of the Master at the door of the heart with the loving invitation: "Come, follow me." For the boy it is a voice summoning to the secular priesthood, or to the priesthood in the religious state, or to the brotherhood in some religious order. The girl yearns to do one kind or other of the numerous works of mercy that are performed by one of our noble sisterhoods, or she longs to consecrate herself entirely to God as a victim of His love in some contemplative order to offer herself a living holocaust for sin. Whatever be the call, it should be obeyed. God lends a helping hand to follow whither He leads. The salvation of the one called may depend upon his listening to the voice he hears within him. Yet there are not a few foolish parents who step between their child and the will of God. By crushing the germ of vocation they may be preparing for their loved one future misery instead of the happiness they hope for. It is a terrible responsibility they take upon themselves. Many fathers and mothers have lived to regret their rashness in presuming thus to thwart the plans of Providence in respect to the little ones that have been confided to their care. The blighting of even one vocation may bring most disastrous consequences in its wake.

Gratitude

NANCY BUCKLEY

You gave me, Lord, these purple hills
Kissed by the day new-born,
This bird-song melody that spills
Across the morn.

You gave me, Lord, the sunset's gold
And amber, rose and gray;
You make me feel the joy untold
Of every day.

You gave me, Lord, the sunny path
Where shadows have no part,
And then, as love's warm aftermath,
You gave Your heart.

"Pastoral"

H. D., O. S. B.

"Jesus, my Jesus, I love you so much!"

How strangely these words persist with me to-day; and with thought of them comes also a twinge of envy that the Sister teaching in the baby room can do things I cannot do—teach this sublime love to those who love so purely and whose love is received by Him with so much complacency.

I hark back years to the day when I heard babies recite this for me. I see again those big eyes fixed on Sister or me, all of them raised aloft. And their whole hearts seemed to pour forth in those words.

There was real love, a love that seeks not self nor suspects at all; that would give heart and self and all. Sister had said He was to be loved; they had been told beautiful, lovely things of Him; He was beautiful and lovable to them under all aspects—living on earth with His Mother; teaching, curing and helping mankind; loving little children and dying for them; lovable now in His Eucharist; and when they had first received Him just last week, how sweet it had all been. "Jesus, my Jesus, I love you so much."

I saw it all in their eyes, heard it in their voices. They are done. I swallow back tears and am talking to them. And my simple theme is that so they should always love Him. And in a way fit for them I prophesy. I tell them what it will mean for their future if they always love Him so. That those who love Him not, or little or carelessly become cold and hard and bitter and foolish. That they who drink of sinful pleasure, find it sweet for the moment, but afterwards bitter and fearful, and are unhappy because their flower of innocence is gone. Yet that they may regain it by penance and love as did Mary Magdalen and Peter.

That they who love Him faithfully, truly, through all; who fight sin and sinful pleasure for Him, who serve Him as He wishes them to, must suffer some for Him, be laughed at by the world, be out of date, out of style, slow numbers. But Jesus will always be Jesus, attracted to them by the sweet fragrance and beauty of their flower of innocence kept living and beautiful. So I talked and so I took my leave.

What causes me now to hark back to that night forgotten scene as I sit in my study staring at nothingness, as one does stare when one is greatly struck? I am thinking of the tremendous afternoon I have just had.

For there came a call that took me from my nap. It was a boy; he wanted to become a priest,—more, a religious. He was not poor, not weakly nor bespectacled, but rather wealthy, healthy, athletic—and clean. And what a story. From baby grades to high school age he had been faithful to his Jesus, had loved Him always and served Him and in doing so had fulfilled my prophecy made to those babies of whose number he had been. The struggle had been hard, he had had to give up much. Yet character and grace had served him well, for that he had been faithful and diligent. Yes, Jesus had been his love, his joy, his comfort, his strength—this a bit shyly, yet with that same childlike bigness and

upwardness of eye. Now Jesus was to be his all; and his all was to live and do for Jesus.

The details were soon settled. He is to leave in September for the Benedictine scholasticate which he had visited once or twice and about which I had often told them.

To-night I can't get that boy's shining face and story from my mind. It is too sweet a morsel out of the bitterness of life which a pastor has to touch and taste so much. He will go on, God willing, in this love and generosity; he will suffer and yet taste ever more and see that the Lord is sweet. And he will do great things under obedience for God and fellow men and finally receive the reward of the faithful steward.

With thoughts of him come other thoughts. Yes, I again envy the Sister who is the first-room teacher—all Sisters who teach in our Catholic schools. Their life, indeed, is full of small annoyances, their reward seems often far distant; yet what a reward it will be!

And I think, too, of the millions and millions of dear, innocent children who are not taught either to know or to love Jesus, who are robbed ever of this priceless heritage that might be theirs so easily. I grieve for them; I pity them. And would they rob even our little ones of their Sisters, their religious education, their Jesus? O Jesus, confound those wicked plans. Keep our little ones for Thee, for Thy sweet friendship and love.

Steps to the Altar

DOM HUGH G. BEVENOT, O. S. B., B. A.

18. The Crystal Shield

Along the stream the bluebird flies
To catch the fishes leaping there,
And knows not that for him in lair
The water snake observant lies!

Thus mid our pleasures death may end
The life of body or of soul,
While many a sweet bewitching goal
Is often reached through thorns that rend.

To heal the sick none can avail
Who have not studied leeches lore,
And made themselves fit for the war
With myriad things of microbe scale.

Nor can one cure the wounded soul,
Who is not 'gainst temptation steeled;
Zealous to aid, yet with sure shield
Of prayer to keep him pure and whole.

It glitters like the sunlit springs,
Or snows upon the Great Hermon,
While cedar breeze from Lebanon
The virgin-forest's fragrance brings.

Then is the right hand heavenly free
To bless away the sinner's sin
And guide him on his way, to win
The haven of life's troubled sea.

Liturgical Life

HILARY DEJEAN, O. S. B.

THIS year on June 3 we end the paschal season with the feast of the Blessed Trinity. The regular "per annum" Office and Mass go into effect. From *Regina Coeli* we turn to *Salve Regina*, that standard hymn of praise and petition to the Blessed Virgin, that prayer of centuries recited now by the faithful after low Mass.

The liturgy of Trinity Sunday is essentially the liturgy of faith in the presence of supreme mystery. In no other way does Holy Church more effectually teach that, though what we know of the Triune God is and must be definite, we are at the same time confronted with the most profound mystery of all revelation. Hence it is that the Office and Mass are content throughout to have us stand in faith and in the wonderment and awe of adoration, contemplating the Trinity and crying over and over "O beata Trinitas, O Blessed Trinity!"

The feast of Corpus Christi among us* is celebrated with all the public splendor of Catholic countries and, we like to think, as beautifully as anywhere in our United States. All share in the work of preparation with a zest that betokens true faith and love. The church and route of the procession outside are adorned with generous levies from the fresh green of woodland and the choicest fern and flower.

First, a word about the Office of this feast. This Office is from the pen of none other than the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas; and in its composition he seems to have drawn from his unequalled store of knowledge both of theology, the writings of the Fathers, tradition and Holy Scripture. Particularly in the Sequence of the Mass, *Lauda Sion*, has he compressed into poetry practically all that can be said of the Holy Eucharist. One never tires of singing its beautiful words and melodies. The dogmatic poetry of the other hymns has made them standard expressions of devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, for their concluding stanzas, *O Salutaris Hostia* and *Tantum Ergo*, are sung wherever Benediction service is held. If St. Thomas had written nothing else, this Office of Corpus Christi would still assure him of undying fame.

The procession itself is truly an act of loving homage, a triumph to our King who deigns to dwell among us. Banners of the various societies head each division of the parishioners;

little girls, clothed in white, strew flowers in the path of the holy Monstrance; long lines of surpliced students are followed by brothers and clerics also in surplice. Then come the clergy, deacons in dalmatics, priests in chasubles; and, amid clouds of incense, the celebrant bearing the Monstrance beneath a gorgeous canopy. Prayer and the singing of psalms are heard throughout the line of march. At an outside altar pause is made, *Tantum Ergo* is sung to the accompaniment of the students' band, then march is resumed into the church where pontifical benediction is given, followed by a rousing, united singing of "Holy God."

Each day during the octave we have Solemn High Mass with exposition. The day after this octave, Friday, we celebrate that feast of love, the feast of the Sacred Heart. We try to make this day a feast of mutual love between the Sacred Heart and ourselves. Jesus reveals Himself to us as He always is, with Heart burning with love of us, craving our love, our thoughtful love; with Heart pierced and broken in death for us, pouring out upon us the rich treasures of His graces. It is for us a day especially of reparation to the Sacred Heart in the Blessed Sacrament, wherein He has elected to bear with our coldness and forgetfulness in order to dwell with us.

June 24 is the Nativity of St. John the Baptist. The fact that we observe the birth of this Saint as his feast day is singular. Ordinarily the Church celebrates the *dies natalis* of the Saints on the day of their death—their birth into heaven. St. John and the Blessed Virgin, of all the Saints, are accorded this peculiar privilege of a feast of their nativity, because they were born free from sin: the Blessed Virgin was immaculately conceived; St. John was sanctified before birth at the Visitation. Our Lord, of course, has this privilege by divine preeminence.

The testimony of Christ and of the Gospels, together with Catholic tradition, place the Baptist before us as a mighty one in the Kingdom of God. His virginal holiness, his exalted mortifications, his undaunted courage in the path of difficult duty, and his sublime office as immediate precursor, the last of the prophets before Christ,—all increase greatly our veneration and esteem for him of whom Christ said: There hath not risen among them that are born of women a greater than John the Baptist.

Lastly, in this month of great feasts we cele-

(Continued on page 65)

* NOTE:—Reference is here made to the celebration of this feast at St. Meinrad.

Worship's Highest Act

We will sacrifice to the Lord Our God as He hath commanded us.—Ex. 8:27

ANSELM SCHAAP, O. S. B.

THE frankness with which Ed Allen always spoke made him a general favorite. He was a 'diamond in the rough' as Father Gilbert was wont to call him. His occasional blunt statements of the truth never offended the priest.

"Father," exclaimed Allen quite abruptly one Sunday afternoon in June, while changing tires on the pastor's car, "your sermon this morning was minus."

"Minus what?" queried the priest amid chuckles. "Of late you have become rather mathematical in your expressions. Did you swallow an arithmetic, an algebra, or something of the sort?"

"Now, Father, you are hitting back hard," drawled the man as he gave the wrench a whirl in his effort to fasten the last nut on the wheel. "You see I just wanted to tell you that something was missing in your talk."

"You mean my sermon was too short," the pastor suggested whilst the pressure of the tire was being tested.

"No! no! Father! It was 'plenty' long," Allen mumbled. Then, having replaced the tool kit, and leaning against the car, he continued: "It's just like this Father: when you preached on the Mass this morning, urging us to attend, I wondered why it was that priests don't explain the Mass and tell us what the ceremonies of the Mass mean. That's what was missing in your sermon this morning, Father."

"Aha! I understand," replied Father Gilbert reflectively.

"But," interrupted the mechanic, "don't you think yourself that the importance of the Mass is sometimes overdrawn?" Then noticing Father Gilbert's face, he changed his tone: "Father, I meant no offense. Maybe it's my ignorance but I like lots of loud prayers which I can understand."

Looking Allen straight in the face, Father Gilbert proceeded: "Ed, what you need first

is not an explanation of the ceremonies of the Mass, but a grasp of the value of divine worship in the form of sacrifice. The ceremonies I may expound to you some other day. For the present I want to drive home to you the import of sacrifice."

"You must know best, Father," agreed the man kicking at a pebble that lay near by.

"Well," the priest began, "you understand that we of ourselves have and are nothing. We owe all to God. Nor can we in any wise render ourselves independent of Him. With every moment of our lives this dominion of God over us increases and strengthens its hold on us."

"Why, Father," Allen broke in, "no man with a level head between his shoulders could ever gainsay that."

"Just there's the rub," Father Gilbert asserted, hinting in particular at Tom Blanc, an avowed atheist of the city, who was then passing. You are well aware of the fact that he will not even acknowledge the existence of God, and there are millions of his type throughout this country of ours. But supposing that all men within their hearts believe in God's supreme sovereignty, they must also manifest outwardly this subjection to Him."

"Don't we do this by prayers and genuflections, Father?"

"Still clinging to your opinion? No! While it is

true that prayers, votive offerings, oaths, and vows are outward acts of religion and profess God's dominion, yet they do so only to a certain degree and incompletely. It's in the sacrifice alone that the entire relationship of man to God and of God to man attains full and complete expression and practical proof."

"What do you really mean by sacrifice?" Allen inquired further.

Before Father Gilbert could reply, the attention of both was diverted by a repeated 'honk! honk!'. A large truck loaded to its full capacity with heifers, sheep, and lambs sped by. This



And Abraham put forth his hand and took the sword to sacrifice his son... And an Angel of the Lord from heaven called to him, saying: Lay not thy hand upon the boy.—Gen. 22:10,12.

sight gave Father Gilbert his cue. Pointing to the truck, he exclaimed: "Are you not now reminded of those representations which you have often seen of the sacrifices of old. Bulls, rams, lambs, etc., were slain in sacrifice. Hence we can define a sacrifice as an offering and partial change and transformation of a visible, permanent object by the hands of a lawfully authorized priest with the intention of expressing the universal sovereignty of God over man and the entire subjection and self-surrender of man to God."

"Father, you said nothing of slaying."

"Well, the slaughter of the victim is not essential, provided something else is done to the object offered in such a way that it is withdrawn from all human use and its possession completely transferred to God. Thus the living victims were generally slain, incense burned, liquids poured out, whilst other sacrificial objects were simply blessed and reserved for sacred purposes only. The idea of destruction was however emphasized the more by the fact of man's sin by which he forfeited life. In antiquity this method of sacrifice held the foremost place to maintain and intensify the consciousness of sin. Another thought suggested by destruction is that God does not need our gifts which we offer Him."

"Why then, Father," asked Allen, knitting his brows as he pursued his point, "is it that non-Catholics have no sacrifice?"

"Let me distinguish between non-Catholics and non-Catholics. If we retrace our steps through the avenues of time back to antiquity we shall always meet the sacrificial altar, be it ever so primitive. Sacrifice has been the constant tradition of the human race. And since all nations tell the same tale, the idea of sacrifice must be based on a yearning of human nature to lay at the feet of the Lord of heaven and earth the recognition and worship of humanity in never-ending sacrificial service. As to the Jews, we know how strictly God enjoined this duty upon them. I make one exception to this universality of sacrifice and that has reference to those unnatural outbursts of impiety which have in all ages endeavored to overthrow the altars, disperse the priests, and preclude the worshippers from the places of sacrifice. When the hatred of God had abated, the scattered stones of the sacrificial altars were generally gathered once more and the Lord confessed again by sacrifice. Some of the Protestant sects are to-day seeking the causes of their disintegration. Some are beginning to realize that the absence of sacrifice is a serious flaw in their religious service. Feeling that something must be done to forestall their inevitable doom, they are attempting to reintroduce the altar and the priesthood. Perhaps you do not know that in

London no fewer imitation masses, possibly even more, are said in non-Catholic churches than real Masses in Catholic churches. These English non-Catholics, through the study of Church history and of the history of the Fathers, realize that unless the Holy Sacrifice is offered in their midst they are cut off from the very source of grace."

In the meantime Allen had for some reason or other been exploring the depths of his pockets. Father Gilbert, pointing to the ground, reminded him: "There lies your rosary. In the crucifix you have a picture of the only worth-while sacrifice. The ancient sacrifices, both of the heathens and of the Jews, had real value only in so far as they pointed to the sacrifice of Calvary, or in so far as they kept the faith in the Supreme Being alive. Hence, we hear Christ speak through the mouth of the Psalmist: 'Sacrifice and oblation Thou didst not desire.... Burnt offering and sin offering Thou didst not require: Then said I, Behold I come. In the head of the book it is written of Me that I should do Thy will, O My God'; and in the prophecy of Malachias we read: 'I have no pleasure in you saith the Lord of hosts: and I will not receive a gift of your hands.' It was the Son of God alone who as priest and victim could make the Divinity an adequate offering and satisfy the Divine justice even for one sin committed in or out of paradise. Now it stands to reason that if only this sacrifice can do justice to God and appease His wrath, we must in some way or other make this sacrifice our own."

Allen opened his eyes wide. "Father," said he, "the light is now beginning to dawn. If you can tell me wherein the sacrifice is to be found in our Mass service I think my difficulties will be scattered."

"My dear friend," Father Gilbert exclaimed, "you are imposing a heavier task than you imagine. The Church stresses the fact, and imposes it as an article of faith, but leaves the question open as to what really constitutes the sacrifice in Holy Mass. That there was to be such a daily oblation as we have now, we know from the words of Malachias: 'From the rising of the sun to the going down My name is great among the Gentiles and in every place there is sacrifice and there is offered to My name a clean oblation; for My name is great among the Gentiles saith the Lord of hosts.' This text refers to Holy Mass, which the Council of Trent defines as a real and proper sacrifice. I see the question in your face: where is the slaughter or the change of the victim? I answer that this change can be symbolic or mystic; for Christ's death in the Mass is called a mystic one. Note also that in the old sacrifices the official offering of the slaughtered victims, and not the slaughter itself, constituted

the sacrifice proper. Christ was actually immolated on the cross in a bloody manner. Ever since, even after the resurrection, He remains a victim. This Victim the priest, the official minister, offers anew at every Mass. Besides, the death of the Savior is symbolically and mystically represented by the twofold consecration—of the bread and the wine. In virtue of the words of consecration, the body only would be present in the Sacred Host and the blood only in the chalice after each consecration. However, this separation is not possible because Christ exists in a glorified state which is incompatible with death."

"Father, the matter has certainly become clearer but the whole difficulty has not yet vanished."

"We must bear in mind that the Eucharist, especially the Mass, is shrouded in mystery and will remain so to our mortal eyes. It is sufficient for us to know that the Mass is identical with the sacrifice of Calvary, in so far as it embodies the same priest and the same victim and hence has the same value in the sight of God. You see then that the Holy Mass is the most exalted, the most sublime, a superexcellent act of divine worship. If we would render real honor and glory to God, let us assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. There is such a sublimity about the Mass to the mind of every intelligent and earnest Catholic that something seems wanting to him in his daily religious acts if he has not heard Mass. Are we surprised then to see so many Catholics make such great sacrifices in behalf of the Mass? Are we surprised when we read that priests and people hazard their all, their very lives, to say and hear Mass? Such was the case in England during the so-called Reformation; such was the case in France at the time of the French Revolution; such is the case even now in Mexico under the tyrant Calles. Are we surprised to hear of a man in Korea, seventy-one years of age, walking to Mass both ways of a journey of fifty-four miles? Are we surprised on being informed of a Zulu in South Africa who hobbled thirty-three miles on crutches in order to attend Mass? Now, Ed, I promised to visit Mr. Shyler up the road. He has been ailing for some time. Some other day, God willing, I shall take up this matter with you again."

"Wait, Father," Allen cried aloud to drown out the noise of the engine, "I had almost forgotten, the water is low in your radiator."

After the cup was full to the brim, he said with a smile: "Now you are 'set,' Father. I will hold you to your promise."

Whosoever offers a sacrifice may be said to speak thus to God: "I confess that Thou art

the Supreme Good, the essence and author of all that is good, and that of Thy pure bounty Thou hast given me all, my being and my life, and that all belongs to Thee, and that, as Thou hast given, Thou canst take back all I have. Wherefore, take my life and destroy it if Thou so willest, not only because of my sins and transgressions, but because Thou art absolute Lord and Monarch of all things. I acknowledge that I am not only ready to surrender my life, if it is Thy will to take it, but that, apart from this, it is my duty and desire to dedicate my whole life to Thy service, not merely to die but also to live, solely for Thee. There ought to be no moment of my life in which I do not think of Thee and love Thee, no fibre in my whole being that is not employed in Thy service. But as this is impossible in this mortal life, do Thou at least accept this sacrifice in my stead as a solemn declaration that it is my duty and my will to belong entirely to Thee and to live for Thee as I present this oblation and consecrate it as Thy personal and inalienable property. May this vicarious sacrifice and this my solemn acknowledgment and declaration be acceptable in Thy sight until I myself attain to that happy state when I shall be a living and continual sacrifice to Thy divine Majesty in an eternity of bliss."—Meschler.

First Communion

ALEXANDER J. CODY, S. J.

O why are the apples in floral array?
Cometh the King on the King's Highway?
In what royal palace will Royalty stay?

Like filmy veils the branches sway
For a little girl's Communion Day,
For the Kingly Christ 'neath the apple spray.

With folded wings the angels pray:
What trysting word will Childhood say
To the Heart of the King in the month of May?

The Song of June

MARY WINDEATT

The eyes of June are water-brown,
Like a grass-grown woodland pool;
And in the dawning June comes down
In leafy emerald, fresh and cool.

Oh, then the days are bright and fair,
The silvered willows hum a tune
Of thought and hopes and feelings rare
That fill the hearts of Youth, in June.

But the aged know the Lord is nigh,
When over the hills June passes by.

All on a Summer's Cruise---French Fantasies

CALLA L. STAHLMANN

WE are going to leave our beloved floating home for a few days, just to train ourselves for the inevitable end of our cruise, when we shall have to depart and go our various ways, some of us never to see the dear old ship and our fellow passengers again! We are bound for Monaco and France to see what they have to offer.

Monte Carlo is all that has been said of it—and more—it is semitropical in its beauty, and man has lent his handiwork to form a beautiful picture withal. We anchor outside the breakwater, where we are met by spacious tenders; liners do not enter the harbor here—this feat is left for smaller craft. The luxurious yachts we see at anchor, some flying the good old Stars and Stripes! This is one of the favorite spots for the idle rich who have nothing more to do than go a-sailing away, in pursuit of adventure, or mayhap only ease and pleasure.

Those of us with baggage, destined for the trip across France, must submit to a customs examination, which is nothing to be feared. Then we are whisked away in motors to the Casino and its beautiful Gardens. It would be a delightful walk if we had only the time; and then we must reserve our strength for later in the day. We visit the Casino, which no man may enter dressed in sports clothes, and no woman may enter without a hat! Several lads returned to the ship via the tender, despondent because they had been refused admittance to the gaming rooms on account of golf clothes or loud-colored blazers, in spite of the warning notice placed on our bulletin board by our good director many days before!

The tables are full, even in the morning, and we buy some chips and await our chance. Fortunes have been made—and lost—at Monte Carlo, but not by our party! Probably it was only because of the lack of time! We notice

men and women, sitting with small notebooks, jotting down every play made, the result of each turn of the wheel, and the amount of francs won or lost; we notice, however, that the player with a "system" loses as consistently as the one without! After squandering all the time and money at our disposal, we are driven in comfortable motors over the far-famed Grande Corniche Drive to Nice—we catch glimpses of our ship as we rise higher and higher, each turn making her look smaller and smaller. This is the renowned French Riviera, most famous of all pleasure resorts. Nice owes her uncontested reputation of "Queen of Winter Resorts" to her marvelous climate, to her mag-

nificent promenades, to her sumptuous hotels, to her villas, her casinos and her theatres. Nice is the city of endless pleasures and amusements, among which are the Fêtes of Carnival, and the Battle of the Flowers. The city faces the South, at the edge of the blue sea, in the form of an immense amphitheatre, protected from the winds



MONACO—THE ROCK BETWEEN THE TREES

by the rising hills, behind which one sees the first mountain peaks of the Alps. We are surprised to find in the Gardens exotic flowers and plants, growing as vigorously as in their original countries. We are served with a delicious luncheon at one of Nice's finest hotels, whence we set out for Marseille.

The train from Nice to Marseille follows the Mediterranean shore very closely, affording us views which seem to increase in beauty the farther we go. At our hotel, all we have to do is to go to the desk, give our names, and the clerk says, "Yes, Miss—, you have been assigned to room No. 234." (Thus, the trouble is all taken out of travel.) A continental-looking porter, with his conventional red vest and long apron takes our baggage, and soon we are ensconced in our very Frenchy rooms. We dress for dinner, and are so thankful that we did, for we hear



CASINO AND GARDENS AT MONTE CARLO

that the Sultan of Morocco is staying at the same hotel! We are fortunate enough to see part of his retinue, but do not see His Royal Highness; perhaps it was because one of the women insisted on calling him the "Sultan of Monaco" and the matter may have reached his ear through one of his spies! (Later, we saw the late Sultan himself, with several of his suite and his Parisian host, in an adjoining box at the Folies in Paris; and after the performance was over, we saw him informally quenching his thirst at a sidewalk café. He was a very genial old fellow, and was thoroughly enjoying every minute of it! One of his missions to Paris was to place a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier.)

Leaving Marseille by train the next morning at 9:30, we reach Paris late in the evening, after passing through such historic towns as Avignon, Orange, Valence, Lyon, and Dijon. Here our hotel is truly French in character, and overlooks the Seine with a view of the Louvre (Museum, not Department Store!), of Notre Dame and the Eiffel Tower. How we loved to linger over dinner and watch the sun setting over the housetops! Those whose first trip to Paris this is, feverishly start on a round of sightseeing—so much to see and so little time to see it! Opportunity is given to see the principal points of interest: the Madeleine, the Pantheon with the war paintings which have since been brought to this country, the Arc de Triomphe with its ceaselessly-burning flame to the Unknown Soldier, Napoleon's Tomb, the Latin Quarter, Montmartre, Notre Dame, and the Trocadero; also for visits to Malmaison and Versailles, and to Fontainebleau.

At Versailles and Malmaison we spend a day seeing the famous gardens and fountains, the Hall of Mirrors where the recent treaty was

signed—and oh! how those mirrors need to be cleaned! and resilvered. We are interested in Napoleon's throne, his council room made to resemble an army tent, his bed and his bath—to say nothing of Josephine's boudoir, her music room, the first screen embroidered by her own royal fingers, and saddest of all, the golden coach which carried her back to Malmaison after her divorce! Versailles was the scene of the zenith and decline of the French kings, and is one of the most magnificent show places of Europe. Here one may also see the Trianon and Petit Trianon Palaces, both reminders of the happiest days of Marie Antoinette; everything that art could supply has ministered to this residence, and the effect to-day is

still one of unequalled splendor. Extensive repairs are being made, due to the generosity of John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; recent research shows that, without this restoration, mushroom growth would soon have destroyed the foundations of the Palace. In recognition of his gift, Mr. Rockefeller has been made a "Citizen of Versailles," a purely complimentary title. Part of his gift has been applied to the repairs on the Cathedral at Rheims, a work that will require many years of labor and many millions of francs.

Paris used to be called the intellectual center of the world; sometimes it is so called to-day, and perhaps with reason. Without doubt it is the artistic center, and is assuredly the amusement center of the world. From our hotel we can run across to the Louvre for an hour now and again, which is so much more pleasant than to try to "do the Louvre" all at once! Why, one could be lost in it for days and never be discovered!

The trip to Fontainebleau is especially interesting, as we pass through the village of Barbizon, which was the home of Millet, and we see the field where he is supposed to have painted "The Angelus," with the church spire in the distance. At Barbizon we see other famous names on the doorposts—Rousseau, Charles Jacques, Ziem, and others. The forest of Fontainebleau is justly celebrated as one of the most beautiful in France; there are sections almost as dark as night, due to the density of the trees! The palace abounds in historical associations—being a favorite residence of the kings of France, it saw many events in French history, notably the signing of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the divorce of the Empress Josephine. The carp pond is one of the unique spots of the grounds; and the little

summerhouse in the middle of the lake, where Napoleon was accustomed to go to think in solitude. Strains of music can be heard as we walk through the shady grounds and feed the swans—part of the palace has been given over for a conservatory of music, and many American students are in residence here. The grounds are open to the people, who bring their families and lunches and relax here in the midst of beauty; but how different this looks from an American park or picnic ground: Not a scrap of paper left to mar the view!

We must needs go shopping for ourselves as well as to buy souvenirs for the friends at home; they all want "something from Paris!" Then the theaters, operas, and cabarets! They are all so thrilling and exciting! We are thoroughly spoiled by the cheapness of the taxicabs, and call one carelessly to go a block or two.

Too soon it is Tuesday, which spells "departure" for us, and we are aboard our boat train enroute to Cherbourg, with only the kindest of feelings toward the French people, as we had met with no discourtesies such as we had heard reported. We found that courtesy begets courtesy.

The train ride through Normandy is most fascinating; here we see an entirely different side of the French life from what we have just experienced in "gay Paree"—beautifully-kept farms and quaint old farmhouses, frequently built of stone, which is very plentiful here, as well as lasting. Crooked roads hem the apple orchards and the pastures of emerald green, and lead away to hidden villages in the heart of Normandy. Of course, these are busy market towns, which have changed very little since William of Normandy set out to establish the Norman power in England. These crooked roads lead past cider presses, and shining milk cans waiting to be taken to town; they lead also to quaint old-world ports which look like stage settings, but which really sheltered the ships of the sturdy Norsemen hundreds of years ago, and which cheered on Champlain's little vessels as they set sail for the West. The ancient capital of the province, Rouen, keeps its tragic memories of Joan of Arc, its massive buildings, and its wealth of legendary lore, and it entralls the visitor. Yet, Normandy has something modern—that is Deauville! Here is the most fashionable and most spectacular seaside resort in France.

We have our last French dinner on the train—a full-course dinner "from soup to nuts" for about forty cents, at the low rate of exchange prevailing then! Of course,

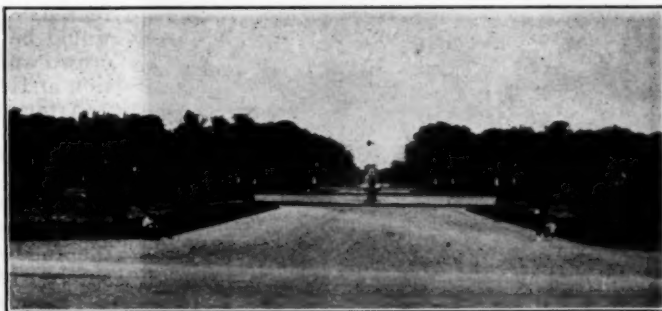
if one must have butter or coffee, it will be more than that, as the French would never think of using either of these articles at any meal except breakfast! Generous portions of everything are served, and in addition the waiters bring in trays of food and offer to replenish one's plate without any extra cost! It can scarcely be imagined without being experienced!

The train finally reaches the town of Cherbourg, and winds its tortuous way right down to the quay, where the tender awaits us. One elderly passenger had so lost his sense of proportions from being on land for a few days that he thought the tender was his cruise ship! There is nothing of interest to see in Cherbourg, and we are glad to be on our way; there are no attractions for the inveterate "shopper" as the city does not try to cater to tourists in any sense except that of receiving them from their ships, or returning them aboard their ships after their continental travel.

Our ship reaches port just as our train is arriving (How well our schedules have worked out!) and she anchors out in the harbor amid liners and cruisers. After presenting passports, and having our baggage examined in a very perfunctory manner, we are all taken at one trip by the tender to the ship that we have learned to call "home." Our friends on board call down to us as we near, "What's the latest from Paris?" "How we missed you!"

We sail at midnight, up the channel which has become congested with swimmers, and two lazy days at sea are a great luxury to us all! We find mail to read; write letters and cards to be mailed at the next port; and do the million and one things that one does when he has nothing to do!

The nourishment taken at table causes sensible pleasure to the man of normally good health; the Heavenly Bread gives the soul spiritual pleasure as often as it is nourished therewith.



GARDENS AT FONTAINEBLEAU

His "Decent Self"

ANNA ROZILLA CREVER

LESTER BURCH rushed in upon his roommate with distress signals fluttering from every spar. He was very pale, and his blue eyes burned with something resembling unshed tears.

"Hal, old boy, I'm out of the race. I've lost my speech."

"Lost it!" repeated the studious Harold. His heart gave a queer leap and then seemed to stand still. "Lost your speech, and the time is up to-morrow! You'll have to write another."

"Write another? You're crazy. I worked six months at odd times on that speech."

"Spiel it off right now, Les, and I'll take it down in my speedwrite. Then you can reproduce."

"Impossible. I don't remember it well enough, and besides, with two exes to-morrow I won't have a blooming minute to spare. You see I'd brought it back with me from the stenographer's, and was going to hand it in to-night. Great snakes! I'd counted on winning. Two hundred dollars would have helped me out a lot next year when I work for my A. M. at Old State."

"You do seem to be in a bad fix, my boy." Hal's face was a map of dismay, wrinkled all over with fine lines and lacings.

Lester sat down on the side of his bed, and hid his face in his hands.

"The work of six months all gone to the katydids. Gee, it's tough." He sprang up and paced the room excitedly.

"Tell me how it happened, Les." Hal coaxed sympathetically. "It'll cool you off to unload."

"Don't remember a thing after I left the office. I paid the girl and came down in the elevator, stopped for a shine at Gibb's; then I

went to the barber's and then back to the campus."

"Have you been back over the ground to see if you left it anywhere?"

"Sure thing. Not a trace. Someone must have swiped it while I was having my hair cut. But what would anybody want with my speech?" he laughed bitterly. "I'm going down to telephone Miss Ames. No use, though—I'm sure I brought it away from her office."

While Lester was absent at the office telephone, he was obliged to wait until a long distance call was answered. There was an interval of half an hour. Then, still determined to find the missing manuscript, he hurried down town again for a second survey of the places where he had been.

It was during his absence that a messenger arrived. After he had gone, Harold paced his room excitedly and then stopped beside the window with hands deep in his pockets, apparently considering some important problem.

So much can happen in an hour—the course of empires can be changed and then be turned back. One moment he resolved to clear up the mystery about the lost speech, and the next he determined not to. Helen, his Helen, had tacitly promised on some far distant nebulous date to marry him—and she adored scholarship. Her decision would be hastened and made certain, doubtless, if he could win. For he, too, was one of those contending for oratorical honors—a candidate for a degree in public speaking this June. The following year he would finish his law course. Why should he play into the hands of his rival? For Lester, too, was in the race, not for Helen, but for the winning of the prize for the best written speech, and the one who won would be the orator of the day at the commencement. Lester was the only one whom he feared. If he were out of the race, the prize would be his—and then the plaudits of the crowd and, best of all, the pride and approbation of Helen!

After all, he was under no obligation to help Lester to take the honors from him. By ten o'clock to-morrow morning the speeches must all be in—and Lester would be too late. Harold tried to put the matter out of his mind and to concentrate on his exam that was pending for the following morning. His own speech was safely with the committee, he knew.

There was scarcely time for any wracking suspense. So much crowds into the life of a student, but during the days that followed, filled



NAPOLÉON'S PALACE AND SUMMER HOUSE
FONTAINEBLEAU

as they were with the excitements and diversions of commencement, Lester Burch was strangely hurt, almost angry, in fact, at the change in Harold. For the life of him he could not fathom the reasons for Harold's treatment. The change was more subtle than plainly evident. He felt rather than saw the difference in their relationship. He brooded and wondered, and then gave it up, hoping that things would of themselves be put back on their own footing.

One night, however, after the senior banquet, when the clock's accusing finger pointed to one, they were about to snatch a little sleep. Lester asked, quite casually:

"Anything been worrying you lately, Hal?"

"What makes you ask? Do I look harrowed? Are there lines of care across my classic brow? Am I getting white about the temples?" He went to the looking glass over the highboy, and pretended to scrutinize the dark masses of hair above his ears.

"No, not exactly careworn," said Lester. "But a fellow feels a bit blue around commencement, when he knows he has to give up the life and his friends. You have been a perfect bear part of the time, and of the other part as mum as a bell without a clapper."

"Well, I'm glad to be perfect in something. As for being unsociable—you know a fellow's pretty well talked out with all these rotten functions, and so many girls to keep up a fine line of chatter with."

"So it's a girl, is it? Sympathy, old man—if that's what you need. Better luck next time. You ought to be as full of good humor as a hive is full of bees, after winning out with your speech."

"Cut out the talk, Les. Don't you see I've turned in?"

The morning of commencement, Helen and Hal walked out to the arbor for a farewell chat. Their black gowns floated out behind them as they strode along, and in Helen's step there was even more than the usual buoyancy. They talked, as lovers often do, of things entirely on the surface, while their hearts were full of the one thing that enchained their minds. Helen carried an unpretentious little volume with a brown paper jacket. They sat down on a latticed bench which stood under a giant live oak.

"Hal, dear." There was a new quality in Helen's voice. Hal noticed it instantly—a note that was new to him—as if a harp had been more tightly strung. "I'm giving you this—because I'm so proud of you. It isn't much—and yet—well, it's tremendous—simply stunning. You know it, I'm sure—'Escape'—that new play by Galsworthy."

Helen moved nearer to him. He had never known her so sweetly tempting as now. There

was a shy boldness about her, Hal thought, that betokened a definite promise for him.

"Thanks, Helen—a lot," said Hal, as he took the little book from her. "But I'm curious to know why you chose this—this particular play."

"I had a reason, Hal. I'll—you will know some day."

"But I must know now—now, Helen dear. I cannot wait."

Hal forgot everything—even the duties and honors awaiting him in the chapel—everything but the fact that she was near him, and between them nothing. He caught her hands and looked eagerly into her eyes. As he did this he was terribly conscious of a wall rising between them—a wall invisible to her with those clear unquestioning gray eyes. He disregarded this mental barrier, however.

"Tell me, dear," he pleaded.

"I gave it to you because—because the hero is so fine—just like you, Hal. Such a fine sense, a good runner, a good sportsman,—and he loved honor more even than liberty, Hal. He was so clever, and full of resource in the face of terrible odds. The whole tragedy grew out of his gallantry in defending a weak woman from arrest."

Hal could scarcely endure the trusting look in her eyes. He realized that from now on he must play a part—play up to the rôle of the hero she believed him to be, and so he acted the very willing part of the real lover that he was, and kissed her under the solemn, gnarled limbs of the great oak.

The chimes rang sweetly on the cloistral stillness of the arboretum. They sprang up and hurried back to the squad, where hundreds of young men in caps and gowns waited the notes of a bugle as a signal to form into line. Hal had arranged that Lester should be Helen's escort because he himself, as the speaker of the day, would march in ahead and sit with the faculty on the platform. Helen enjoyed the distinction of being the only girl in the class.

When the organ played its dignified processional, the march began. The trustees, the two presidents—one of them long past active duty—the professors, and then the long, long line of black-robed graduates, to whom this hour was the consummation of years of intense application. Helen's eyes filled with happy tears as she saw Hal take his place on the platform. And later, when he began his brilliant address on the great theme "Nothing Better than the Truth," her enthusiasm could scarcely be kept within bounds. From the applause which followed, Helen knew that he had taken his great audience with him on his silvery flight of restrained eloquence.

Two years passed. Helen and Hal and Lester returned to old Fordstan at commencement in

time to attend the reunion of their class. A jovial company surrounded the table which was laid in the form of a horseshoe. Beside each napkin and huge roll laid thereon, stood tiny pennants bearing the scarlet and white, the colors of the class—and also the name of the one who was to be their orator. The class motto, "Nothing Better than the Truth," was blazoned in cardinal lettering down the center of the hall.

Harold and Lester both sat near the center curve of the table, as their respective standings entitled them to this honor. Hal's reputation as an orator had grown steadily since he had left college. His law practice, though as yet scarcely worth mentioning, had been a mighty force in developing this gift. For this reason, and because the program committee recalled his brilliant achievement on Commencement Day, the honor had been assigned to him. His theme was to be that of the class motto: "Nothing Better than the Truth."

After the customary introduction by the President of the Class, there was the usual jocular reply, in which the one introduced disclaimed all rights to the honor, declaring that life had been most sparing of achievements and rewards.

It was rather a serious speech, with laughs a plenty here and there. Hal's listeners could clearly hear that his voice had increased marvelously in roundness and mellowness. There was a quality in it now which was irresistible. His classmates recognized it as the voice which had promised so much in their student days.

Hal referred to Truth as being like a ray of light, requiring millions of years to reach the minds of men, and then often failing to be recognized as such. Truth was the breaker of locks, the liberator of prisoners, the blue ray that was making pure the streams of life, the new adventuring star whose maximum intensity of light could never be reached, whose illuminating power could never diminish.

Motionless under these and many other eloquent statements, Hal's classmates sat mutely wondering how he could do so brilliantly, and wishing to a man that such vision, and skill in words had been given to them.

The roses in a large bowl which stood directly under the speaker vibrated with the resonance of his voice. But suddenly Hal broke off, and lowered his voice. It shook with some new emotion that was now beginning to sway him.

"Fellows," he said—there was a note of confession in his voice, of confidential warmth—"you know a lawyer is supposed to take every sort of liberty with the truth. I want to own up here to-night that the biggest falsehood of which I have been guilty was a lie that I did not tell."

Everyone sat up with renewed interest. The

atmosphere seemed to snap with tense feeling. Hal's face had turned pale and was drawn into taut lines.

"I feel that this confession is due you, my classmen, because in a sense you have been defrauded by my silence when I should have spoken. I am free to confess, too, that if my sweetheart were here to-night, I should not have the courage to say what I am going to say—but she has been detained by the illness of someone in her home.

"This lie has come between me and all that I have tried to do and be, a veil between the perfect confidence my sweetheart has given me, the stinging reproof that has cut me when my splendid senior partner-in-law has reposed special confidence in me."

Hal paused a moment and took from his inside pocket a little book with a brown paper jacket. As he held it up, every man sitting near him could see that his hand shook. They could easily discern the title. "This is a little play by Galsworthy. It has been a liberator to me. I will tell you what it liberated me from, and how I was enabled to make the escape."

The open window let in sounds which smote the tense ears of the men with strange and jarring notes. The honking of an automobile horn, the chime of the town clock, solemnly announcing eleven, the shout of an enterprising newsboy proclaiming an "Extra"—these, and many other voices only half articulate, broke against the emotional tide which was sweeping over the Class of '26.

"You will recall that I was the winner in the contest for the best speech for delivery on Commencement Day. My speech was on the theme supplied by our class motto: 'Nothing Better than the Truth.' In all probability the honor of delivering that speech would have gone to my splendid chum who sits at my right." At

Butterflies

FRANCES GORMAN RISSER

I think that butterflies are thoughts
That never are expressed,
So they find wings and fly away,
In lovely colors dressed;

White butterflies are kindly thoughts
That you have never told,
You chuckle to yourself, and there's
A butterfly of gold.

Black wings are always set adrift
When tears are in your eyes—
Oh, I am sure that wordless thoughts
Take wing as butterflies!

this, Lester's face blanched, then turned red. He shrank back as if wishing devoutly that there were escape for him somewhere.

But Harold went on relentlessly: "I feared Lester, knowing that his ability exceeded mine—as did his modesty. His speech was lost just before the time had expired for handing them in to the committee. While Lester was absent on a search for the missing manuscript, it was sent to his room by special messenger. Someone had found it evidently and sent it in without disclosing his name or address. I laid it down on the open encyclopedia, and while I was absorbed in cramming for an ex, another fellow came in to look up some facts, and turned the pages of the book over without removing the envelope. Lester came in from his ex and began at once to cram for another. The matter of the speech was for the time being forgotten. But when it was too late he discovered it. I did nothing, said nothing, and from that day to this I have not been able to like myself, sit alone with myself, or go about with myself without that wretched ghost stalking along beside me. I wanted to — — —"

Lester jumped to his feet and, holding tightly to the back of his chair, tried to interrupt. His face was full of pity for his chum, who was doing as brave a thing as ever won a soldier his citation. He tried to waive aside this torrent of confession, but Hal could not be stopped. The eyes of every man were fastened on him.

"Fellows," he continued, "there's nothing better than the truth. This Captain Denant in the play is like so many of us who make a break for liberty, seeking deliverance from all that chafes and restrains us, but we cannot make the escape. Sooner or later we must return to the old tasks, the old binding duties, more enthralling than as if they were so many chains. . . . But there is one way in which we may be free—we can go back to these duties and tasks with *free minds*. That's what Captain Denant did, and, because of what he refused to do, was able, even in a dungeon, to sit down with his 'decent self.'"

The applause which followed was quite as deafening as any orator could have wished. The roses shook again with the vibrations which swept over them. The chairman sprang up and proposed a toast to Hal Raymond, who had shown by his clean sportsmanship that there was nothing better than the truth. Without a moment's hesitation every man at the table rose, and their glasses clinked with a message as clear as the water they contained.

After his classmates had left him, Hal stood for a moment alone on the great steps leading down from the hall. He was still trembling from the stress of the tremendous thing he had done. As if from somewhere in the starlit sky, Helen slipped down to him.

"Helen—of all things. I thought you were kept at home."

"I found at the last minute I could come, Hal. Captain Dennis brought me in his airplane. Had to find Miss Evans to chaperon me, and when we got in you were speaking, so we stood behind the palms with the orchestra. I was afraid it would throw you off if you saw me."

"Did you hear—what—what I said toward the last?"

"Of course."

"I suppose it's all over between us—Helen—dear girl."

"Over," she echoed. "Hal, it's just begun—and that's the 'truth.'"

Liturgical Life

(Continued from page 55)

brate that of Saints Peter and Paul, the princes in that sacred college of Christ's Apostles. The Office to-day takes us in spirit to Rome, the *urbs*—city *par excellence*, made glorious by the blood of these heroes of God, its spiritual principality and magnificence resting upon these two whose relics are her dearest treasure. All this is impressed upon us especially by the powerful hymn of vespers. *O felix Roma—O happy Rome*, empurpled with the precious blood of such great Princes!

The text of the Office and Mass is devoted principally to St. Peter. The Gospel narrates for us that dramatic moment when, after confessing with ardent faith the Divinity of Christ, Simon receives from the Savior, with his name of Peter, the solemn commission constituting him first head of the Church, giving to him and his successors the keys to the kingdom of heaven, the power of binding and loosing—a power that invariably receives its sanction in heaven. O awful power in the hands of men!

The next day is devoted to the commemoration of St. Paul, that man whose loving zeal knew not self, but only the Lord Jesus and Him crucified. His active, zealous life for the cause of God is depicted to us; his labors, his journeyings, his preaching, his suffering and noble death. He did indeed labor more than the rest, nay, he was permitted the very vision of heaven while in this body,—yet as a refrain sound the words of his humility: By the grace of God I am what I am.

Saints Peter and Paul, give us your faith, your love, your zeal.

Our Earthly Paradise

At even-song in paradise,
God came and held converse with man;
Now, with Him, sacramental-wise,
The livelong day we talk and plan.—V. D.

Beuron---Archabbey, Congregation, Music, Art

DOM LAMBERT NOLLE, O. S. B.



Angel
in presence of God
Beuron Statuary



WHEN on a bright but damp Sunday morning in September, 1885, I descended from the height of the Heuberg (Jura) into the valley of the youthful Danube, I caught through the beech trees a first glance of the little hamlet of Beuron as it looked in 1863 when it became a Benedictine foundation. Now its appearance is changed, for from all sides new buildings have arisen since the reopening of the abbey in 1887 and the opening of the railway in 1890. From 1077 to 1803 Beuron had first been a priory then a small abbey of the Augustinian Canons. As such it had a beneficial influence on the few neighboring parishes over which it exercised a feudal lordship as well as parochial care; but the miraculous mediaeval Pietà in the Abbey Church always attracted a goodly number of pilgrims, who used to come early on Sunday morning afoot to receive the sacraments. Napoleon assigned the property to the Fürst (Prince) of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, who pensioned off the older priests and expected the others to take over parishes. I was acquainted with an old lady who had known the last abbot in the twenties. Suffering much from the gout, he continued to live in his abbatial apartments, which are still used as the abbot's quarters. This woman as a young girl often cheered the lonely man in his suffering hours by singing to him. A parish priest (the first being a member of the former community) looked after the small flock of the hamlet, which with its outlying farms numbered even in the early eighties only twelve families. Before 1862 the monastic buildings were tenanted by the parish priest, the schoolmaster, some gamekeepers of the new owner, and sometimes by guests from the ancient Pelican Hotel, which for a time was a flourishing health resort. The old but insignificant hamlet of Beuron was destined to become known all over the Catholic world by an extraordinary chain of circumstances.

A BENEDICTINE FOUNDATION

A young priest from the Rhineland had in the early fifties been attracted at Saint Paul's in

Rome to the Benedictine Order, which had for centuries possessed many large and famous monasteries in his native province, but was then wholly extinct there. His enthusiasm for the order attracted some of his friends, amongst them three brothers, all priests, from Bonn. In time they were professed as monks of Saint Paul's, where one of them died. The other two, Fathers Maurus and Placid Wolter, were highly educated and cultured men, who had, besides their theology, also studied the classics and qualified as masters for higher academic schools. As such they had worked several years in the Diocese of Cologne, longest in the Dome School at Aix-la-Chapelle. In Rome Father Placid was occupied with teaching the oblates of the abbey whilst the more learned Fr. Maurus, a Doctor of Philosophy, studied antiquities and the inscriptions of the catacombs. At the advice of Cardinal Hohenlohe, Fr. Maurus was also appointed by Pius IX spiritual director to a cousin of the Cardinal's, a born Princess Catherine of Hohenlohe, afterwards the wife of a Count of Ingelheim, then of Prince Carl of Hohenzollern. As the widow of the latter she had unsuccessfully tried her vocation in a Roman convent, and was now leading a life of retirement and piety. She propounded the idea of starting a Benedictine monastery in the kingdom of Prussia, in which at that time not a single one existed, whilst in Austria many had survived, and in Bavaria several had been restored. On Saint Michael's day in 1860 the princess and the two brothers knelt before the Sovereign Pontiff, who charged them with the mission of renewing the Order in Prussia, just as he had before sent Dom Guéranger to France for the same purpose. As a preparation they first made a pilgrimage to Palestine, where they assisted on Maundy Thursday at a Mass celebrated in the Cenacle ("upper room").

For more than a year the Princess Catherine of Hohenzollern and the two brothers were looking in the Rhineland for a place and for benefactors. Although the princess helped them, and for that reason led a very simple life, yet she was not rich. At last they found on the lower Rhine a deserted little Franciscan convent, which contained only a few cells and a very small chapel. Here they made a beginning. They were helped in their housekeeping by a Franciscan lay brother, who had been loaned to them. During the winter they found that this was no place for them. During their stay at this place they had received as novice a

South-German priest and Doctor of Canon law, Fr. Benedict Sauter, who had taken his degree in Rome where he had casually made the acquaintance of Father Maurus. He brought the suggestion of two of his friends that the princess should obtain from her stepson, the Fürst of Hohenzollern, the derelict and much neglected, but well built, monastic property of Beuron, situated in the Russian province of Hohenzollern on the Upper Danube. This was done in 1862, and early in 1863 the house was repaired. In the meantime Fr. Prior Maurus had taken his novice to Solesmes, accepting an offer from Dom Guéranger, to finish his canonical novitiate there. At Pentecost in 1863

Beuron was opened as a Priory, and its first new member was professed. The little community grew at first only slowly, but attracted from the beginning a number of lay brothers from the simple and pious families of the neighborhood. By 1868 the number of the professed choir monks had reached the number of twelve, whereupon the Prior became the first Abbot. From that time, owing to favorable circumstances; the community grew more rapidly. The Rhenish origin of the abbot attracted North Germans, whilst the monastery was situated in a predominantly Catholic district of South Germany, on the border of two large dioceses, comprising respectively the States of Württemberg and Baden.

In these states monasteries for men were excluded by law, whilst Prussia, to which Hohenzollern, and therefore Beuron, belonged, raised no difficulties until 1875. By that time the community had grown considerably and had already sent a colony to Belgium to start the present Abbey of Maredsous.

The Falk Laws of 1875 drove the community into exile; only the parish priest remained with a few lay brothers, who, outside the monastery, clothed in secular garments, cultivated the gardens and the farm as employees of the princess. The latter took up her abode in a

wing of the monastery to maintain eventually her rights to the property, which, however, were not disputed. This was the state of affairs when I first knew Beuron in 1885. In the following year the obnoxious laws were repealed, and Archabbot Maurus, as he had then become, returned in 1887 to Beuron under the acclamation of the population, and surrounded by the three Abbots of Maredsous, Emaus-Prague and Seckau, which abbeys formed the Beuron Congregation.

THE CONGREGATION OF BEURON

The exile of the Beuron community from 1875 to 1887 was one of blessings in disguise, for it

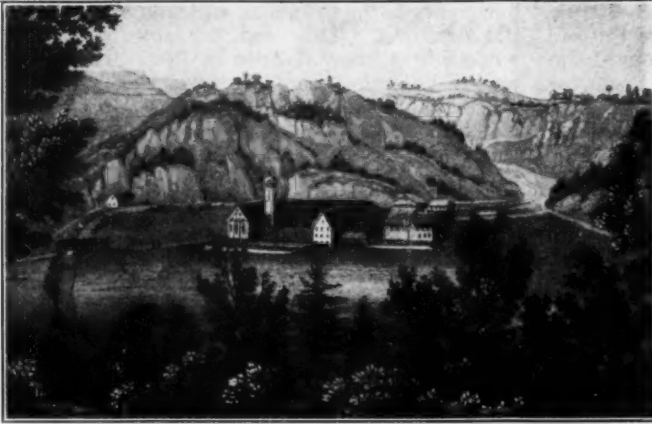
attracted many chivalrous young men from all parts of Germany and made the community better known. At first the exiles obtained a temporary place of refuge at Volders, in a small Servite monastery in the Tirol. In 1879 the Emperor Francis Joseph the Second, in conjunction with Cardinal Schwarzenberg, Archbishop of Prague, arranged the transfer of the Beuron refugees to the royal foundation of Emaus, the few remaining aged Fathers of the moribund community there being pensioned off. Immediately after taking possession in 1880, the Beuron artists commenced the much-needed restoration and decoration of the beautiful gothic abbey church. The daily solemn services attracted many

worshippers of all classes, and the Fathers were much occupied and appreciated as confessors and catechists.

In the meantime Maredsous had become an abbey, having for its first superior Fr. Placid Wolter, the second founder-monk of Beuron. In 1883, when there was no longer sufficient accommodations at Emaus, the ancient but vacant monastery of Seckau in Styria was acquired and opened as a priory. In 1885 this foundation became the seat of the Abbot and the Beuron community. Part of this community, which was first at Emaus, became a separate monastic family, over which Fr. Benedict Sauter, the first novice



DOM MAURUS WOLTER, O. S. B.
FIRST ARCHABBOT OF BEURON



BEURON SIXTY YEARS AGO

of Beuron, was placed as abbot; and now, according to the Beuron constitutions, Abbot Maurus became Archabbot. In 1887 Beuron was reopened, but a community was left at Seckau, which in time became the fourth abbey under the headship of Fr. Ildephonsus Schober. Archabbot Maurus, having returned to Beuron, continued his ascetical and liturgical writing, and also worked for the stabilization of the Congregation. He arranged the theological studies at Beuron, and he also helped in starting the College of Saint Anselm's in Rome (1887) by sending students, professors, and lay brothers. He witnessed the rapid growth of the community, but died in July, 1890, during the General Chapter, surrounded by the abbots and by members of the different communities. His successor in office was his brother Placid. By that time, with the railway opened, more pilgrims and visitors flocked to Beuron.

In 1892 the ancient Abbey of Maria Laach was acquired from the Society of Jesus. This new foundation first received as its Abbot, Fr. Willibrord Benzler, who later on was consecrated Bishop of Metz. His successor in office was the present Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order, Dom Fidelis von Stotzingen. In 1899 the monastery of Saint Thomas, at Erdington in England, founded in 1876 as a small priory and house of refuge for some Beuron Fathers, received its first abbot in the person of Dom Ansgar Hoeckelmann. In 1922 this community was transferred to the ancient Abbey at Weingarten in Württemberg, which hitherto had been used as a barracks. A relic of the Precious Blood in the large minster of Weingarten attracts annually thousands of pilgrims. Saint Joseph's Abbey at Coesfeld, Westphalia, founded from Beuron, elected Dom Raphael Molitor as its first abbot in 1906. As the new repub-

lican government in Prague occupied part of the Abbey of Emaus in 1919, the greater part of the community, mostly German subjects, sought places of refuge in their own country. Some of these, with the help of the Archabbot of Beuron, repeople the ancient Abbey of Neresheim, which like Weingarten is situated also in the Diocese of the late Bishop Keppler of Rottenburg. Another part of the Emaus community settled in a derelict Cistercian monastery, forming the Abbey of Gruessau in Silesia. Owing to economic difficulties in Austria after the war, the abbot and part of the community of Seckau migrated to Trier and revived there the extinct but ancient Abbey of Saint Mat-

thias, thus taking over the guardianship of the shrine of the Apostle, whilst a new abbot was elected for Seckau. The little Monastery of the Dormitio of our Blessed Lady on Mount Sion in Jerusalem, which was founded in 1906, has developed since the war into an abbey and received its first abbot in 1926.

In 1893 the Abbot General of the Brazilian Congregation obtained from the Beuron Abbots help to repeople his monasteries. Some of the Fathers destined for that mission went to our brethren in Portugal in order to learn the language of the country. When the venerable Abbot was dying, he sent as a last request that his two small Monasteries of Cucujaes and Singeverga in Portugal should be affiliated to the Beuron Congregation in order to get help for the training of the novices and clerics. This was done, but Cucujaes has since been nearly uprooted by the religious persecution, whilst Singeverga has lately become a flourishing Conventual Priory.

After the war the Abbey of Maredsous in Belgium, with its offspring, the Abbeys of Louvain and Saint André near Bruges, separating from Beuron, formed the Belgian Congregation.

Four convents of Benedictine nuns, which were erected into abbeys at different periods, also belong to the Beuron Congregation. These are the Abbeys of St. Gabriel, formerly at Prague but now in Styria (1893), St. Hildegard near Ruedesheim (1908), Holy Cross, Herstelle, Hessen (1924), St. Erentrude near Ravensburg (1926).

LITURGICAL MUSIC

Dom Benedict Sauter brought with him from his novitiate the choral books used at Solesmes, and the custom of chanting daily the Conventual Mass and Vespers. Being gifted with a fine

voice and good musical taste, he developed what he had learnt on his own lines. He trained a number of the Fathers, who afterwards became the cantors of the different abbeys. The music of the choir, laid down by the Beuron constitutions, must always be Gregorian, and also the organ music is necessarily in keeping with it. At present priests from the various abbeys are called to a number of towns or other centers to spread the use of plain chant and to train singers and choir masters. With instruction in the chant they combine also the liturgical apostolate by teaching, writing, and retreats. During the octaves of the great festivals many educated men, especially university students, come into the abbeys or their neighborhood to take part in the solemn celebrations, which are explained to them beforehand by courses of special addresses. Some of the books on plain chant have been translated into English.

The liturgical spirit in the Congregation was remarkable from its very beginning. Not only were the founders influenced by Abbot Guéranger of Solesmes, but very early Father Benedict Sauter published a book entitled *Choral* (Gregorian) *und Liturgie*. Archabbot Maurus in the five volumes of his *Psallite Sapienter* explained the Psalms in their liturgical significance, and also drew attention to the writings of Saint Gertrude with their liturgical treasures. Fr. Anselm Schott's *Messbuch der Kirche*, a Latin-German Missal with short explanations, has since 1885 in its different editions surpassed half a million copies. Recently other learned and popular books on liturgy and the different liturgical services have originated in several abbeys, especially in that of Maria Laach.

THE SCHOOL OF ART

The Beuron school of art has lately been brought into prominence by the journey of the Archabbot of Beuron to the United States and still more by the recent death of Dom Desiderius Lenz, the head and heart of the school, at the advanced age of ninety-five. As a poor but talented youth he secured, after some struggles, a scholarship in the Munich "Kunstschule" for sculptors, and later on became professor at Nürnberg. At Rome in 1869 he made the acquaintance of the newly blessed Abbot Maurus, and this led the next year to his being called to design, paint, and decorate the votive chapel of Saint Maurus, built by Princess Catherine on the ground of the little farm, two miles below Beuron in

the Danube valley. He was assisted by two Swiss painters, who shortly afterwards joined the community as Fathers Gabriel Wüger and Lukas Steiner. Dom Desiderius did not join the community until 1877 but remained, nevertheless, at Beuron, and the three friends, together with some lay brothers, commenced to decorate the church and cloisters at Beuron. When in 1875 they were driven into exile, Dom Boniface Krug,* then Prior of Monte Cassino, later on Archabbot at the same place, obtained their services for the restoration of the ancient *torretta* (turret or tower) at the Mother Abbey in preparation for the fourteenth centenary of the birth of our Holy Father in 1880. Having completed the task, they were called to Emaus Abbey at Prague, where they decorated the church with frescoes representing the life of our Lady and of Saint Benedict, a task which occupied several years. After the reopening of Beuron in 1887, the school returned and painted the fresco stations of the cross for Saint Mary's Church in Stuttgart. These have been photographed and are in this way widely circulated. The late Bishop Keppler, an art critic of great repute, pronounced some of the stations as the ripest work of the early Beuron school. Dom Desiderius had made the sketches and settled the proportions in which he was master; Father Gabriel was strong in drawing and anatomy, whilst Father Lukas was specially gifted with a fine sense of color.

After the death of his distinguished companions, Dom Desiderius, assisted by younger members of the Congregation, went more his own way. Insisting strongly on the proportions (Continued on page 80)

* Dom Boniface Krug was a chapter member of St. Vincent Archabbey in Pennsylvania.—EDITOR.



BEURON ON THE DANUBE—WEST VIEW

A Shepherd and His Flock

From the French, by MARY E. MANNIX

CHAPTER 8

PEACEMAKING

FATHER SYLVAIN came out of the church and locked the door.

It was an evening in October,—with that sharpness in the air which made a fire pleasant,—he could see it through the windows on the broad hearth of the study.

Poli had been cutting wood all day, which he had piled up in the shed adjacent to his own dwelling place. He had worked so faithfully that Father Sylvain could not refrain from bestowing upon him a few merited words of approval.

Poli's face beamed with joy when the priest took a franc from his pocket saying:

"Poli, I am well pleased with you. Here is an extra franc over and above your weekly wage. Take it and buy for yourself something good for your supper."

"Thank you, thank you," said Poli, smacking his lips. "I've already made my menu for the



DOM DESIDERIUS LENZ, O. S. B.
FOUNDER OF THE BEURON SCHOOL OF ART

meal, which I will persuade Zachary to take with me,—at the 'Three Jolly Brothers.'"

"You were not long about it, Poli," said the priest.

"No, M. le Curé, thoughts flash through my mind like lightning."

"And what flashed through it this time," inquired the priest.

"The one thing I like best, M. le Curé, a dish of tripe. Madame Bonsecours always has it on the stove cooking,—the longer it cooks the better it is you know,—with plenty of onions, and seasoning, a taste of parsley too and a dash of catsup. I will gather a dish of mushrooms as I go along, Madame Bonsecours is very fond of them herself, and we will let her have half of them for the peeling and cooking. Mushrooms are not like tripe, M. le Curé, they must cook quickly,—do you know that?"

"Yes, Poli, I know it."

"Some people stew them, but that is not the right way, it makes them tough,—but to melt a good lump of fresh sweet butter in the pan, and turn the mushrooms into it. The pan must be very hot. The mushrooms must be stirred and stirred, no longer than five minutes when they are done. And they must be eaten very hot, M. le Curé, or they are not fit to eat at all. Then with a couple of glasses of light wine and some of Madame's fresh crisp rolls, one has a supper fit for a king. This franc will do all that, M. le Curé, thank you very much. I fly now to get Zachary lest he should already have eaten, and thus taken the edge off his appetite."

"But what will Madame Zachary think of this?" inquired the priest.

Poli put up his hand to his face and whispered, although there was not a soul in sight, "she will not be there, she and Madame Zephyrin went to spend the day with Madame's niece at Briant. She will hardly be home before ten o'clock—it is a long walk from Briant."

"Would you like to take Zephyrin along?" inquired Father Sylvain.

"No no," answered Poli quickly, "Zephyrin is well enough in his way, but he is forever complaining of his wife. One should always be cheerful at table; grumbling and growling takes the savor from the food. No we shall not ask Zephyrin."

Poli put the franc in his pocket and dashed quickly down the road. In a moment he had disappeared.

Father Sylvain went into the house where a pleasant odor of cooking greeted him. He

passed into the kitchen,—a covered dish was being kept warm upon the hearth.

"What have we here?" he asked. "Mushrooms? It smells like it."

"Yes, M. le Curé," said the childish voice of little Marie, "Poli told me to get my little basket and we went over to La Touche's field for the mushrooms."

"And he would not take one of them," said Madame Véronique, "he said they were all for you."

"For us," interposed the child, sniffing audibly as she looked wistfully at the covered dish.

"Yes, for us," said Father Sylvain, "they shall be divided into three equal parts, Marie, otherwise I shall not eat one of them."

Supper was over. Father Sylvain was seated at the table in his study glancing through some newspapers that had arrived on the noon mail. Presently his mother appeared at the door.

"Zephyrin is in the kitchen," she said. "He would like to speak to you."

"Let him come in," said the priest, laying aside his papers to await the recital of,—he knew not what,—the tribulations of Zephyrin's.

A visit from his parishioners usually indicated that there was some problem to be solved, some emergency to be met, some complaint to be made, some difficulty to be cleared away. They never came for a friendly call, seldom with a gift which would show recognition of his labors in their behalf. They were not an ungrateful people, yet they had little appreciation of what their pastor was constantly doing for them.

On his part he did not resent this attitude, probably was hardly more aware of it than they were themselves. He was there to serve them and had his reward in the consciousness that he was able to soften the asperities of their lives, no matter what his occupation or his hurry might be.

He never showed impatience at their interruptions. It was with a pleasant smile therefore that he saluted Zephyrin as he entered the room.

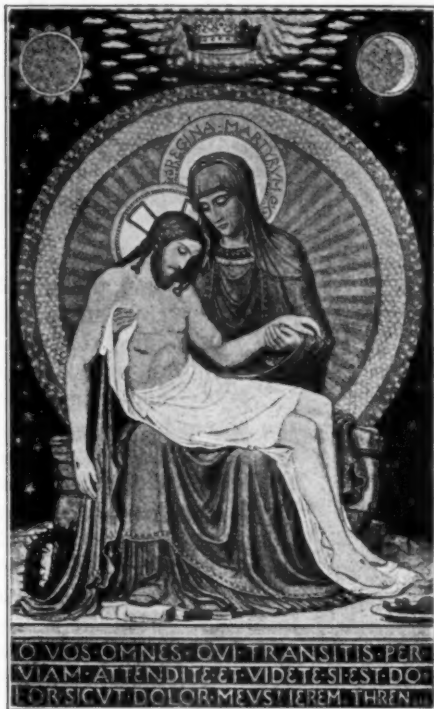
"Pardon me, M. le Curé, for intruding at this late hour," said the old man, "but it is the only opportunity, perhaps, I will have for some time for a little talk with you."

"It is not late, Zephyrin," said the priest, "only a little after seven. You are not going on a journey are you?"

"No, M. le Curé, it is my wife."

"She is about to take a trip somewhere?"

"No, M. le Curé, not that, she is at Briant for the day with Madame Zachary, but may be back any time now, and if she finds me absent she will pester me to death to know where I have been. She leads me a sorry life, M. le Curé."



PIETA—BEURON ART

"Twas bad enough before but ever since the day of the pilgrimage she has been growing worse."

"Does she scold you, Zephyrin?" inquired the priest.

"Oh yes, Father, every one in the village knows that. She rules me with a rod of iron."

"In your place," said the priest, "I should be ashamed to confess it. A man should be the master in his own house, and that he can very well be without injustice or tyranny. Possibly you do not assert yourself enough."

"I am a man of peace, M. le Curé," replied Zephyrin. "I cannot bear argument or loud speaking, so when she begins to talk I do not answer her, and I let her go on until she exhausts herself. That seems a difficult thing for her to do; she screams through the open windows and shrieks about the garden. Everyone can hear her from the Barbarins on one side to the Mouliniers on the other. Her voice can be heard even on the highroad by the passers-by. I want you to do something, M. le Curé. I am here to ask you to talk to her. She admires and respects you, and being at heart a good woman, your advice might have some influence with her."

"But how could I approach her, Zephyrin?"

True Crucifers

Placidus Kempf, O. S. B.

ALL roads lead to, and meet on, Calvary. From every land, illumined by the sun on its daily course, cross-signed and cross-laden followers of the Crucified toil up that Blood-anointed, Holy Mount, there to deposit their splinter of the Tree of Life, and to mount on this true Ladder of Jacob unto the bosom of God, whence they came. Calvary marked the end of the Savior's mission of "going about doing good." On the rocks of its steep ascent He traced the way for us in bloody footprints. All who would be His disciples must tread this way. Foremost in this army of crucifers we see St. Andrew, brother of St. Peter, the first to enroll in the Divine Teacher's school, to learn the sweet lesson of the Cross by daily intercourse with the perfect Model. Well has he mastered his lesson. The Cross is the end of his thoughts, words, and desires. It is the great magnet that irresistibly attracts his generous soul. To thousands he has taught the lesson of true living by word and deed in Scythia, Thrace, and Galatia. Now in Patrae, the capital of the Grecian province of Achaia, he fearlessly preaches Christ Crucified. Prison, stripes, and crucifixion are the reward of his zealous preaching. With a joyous countenance and firm step, as befits a true soldier of the King of Ages, he hastens to the place of execution. As his eyes fall upon the two beams of wood, fastened together in the shape of a cross, he exclaims: "O precious cross! adorned by the members of my Lord, long have I desired thee, without ceasing have I sought thee, with eagerness have I loved thee! Now at last thou art ready to satisfy my ardent longing! Take me away from men; give me back to my Lord, that He may receive me through thee, who on thee hath redeemed me." Now he embraces it, presses reverential kisses upon it, and delivers himself willingly to his executioners.

From the Altar Jesus looks down upon the serried ranks of His soldiers assembled around His Cross-emblazoned standard, reared on this mystic Calvary. How many Andrews can He descry?

"If any man will
come after me, let
him deny himself,



and take up his
cross daily and fol-
low me." — St.
Matth. 9:23.

IMPERIAL Rome is still abed. In the Amphitheater the human torches have burned out. But another giant torch now appears on the eastern horizon, blood-red, presaging another day of barbaric cruelty; for Nero on his golden couch is dreaming of new spectacles with which to amuse the frenzied rabble, as his crazed mind, unbridled by reason, runs riot amidst unheard-of instruments of torture.

An aged, care-bent man, fleeing from this avalanche of persecution, hurries along the well-paved Appian Way. Time and care have deeply grooved his noble brow, whilst furrowed cheeks bear traces of copious streams of penitent tears. In his undimmed eyes are reflected doubt and fear that rack his soul. His lips move in fervent prayer for light. Peter, for it is none other, hurries on. He sees not earth's beauties, hears not the varied sounds of waking nature; his heart, like Noe's restless dove, would fain espy some sheltered nook, safe from the raging storm. Now, as though overwhelmed with a sense of the Divine Presence, he halts. Raising his eyes, he beholds—his Divine Master coming towards him at a quick pace, like a traveler eager to attain the object of his journey. The countenance of Jesus bears that expression of familiar love which shone from it when He conversed with His own during His earthly career. Falling prostrate at His feet, Peter calls out in ecstatic joy: "Lord, whither art Thou going?" With a tone of tenderness in His voice the Master replies: "I am going to Rome to be crucified again,"—and vanishes. Peter understands. Bedewing with kisses and tears the hallowed spot where the nail-pierced Sacred Feet had stood, he rises, and retraces his eager steps to Rome to be crucified.

Do we also hasten along the deserted streets in the gray of the new day to meet and admit the Master into our fearful hearts, that we may receive the courage and strength to walk cross-laden in His bloody footprints up Mt. Calvary to crucifixion of self?

She would suspect that you had been talking to me. That might enrage her, when things would be worse than before."

"It would be easy enough, M. le Curé," said the old man. "You could say you have often heard her railing at me as you passed by, and felt it your duty to admonish her."

"But that would not be true, Zephyrin. I have never heard her railing at you."

"What matter, M. le Curé? A little lie like that is not harmful. The good Lord would forgive you if it brought peace to a distracted household. If something is not done, I shall pack up and leave her the house and land to do as she pleases with."

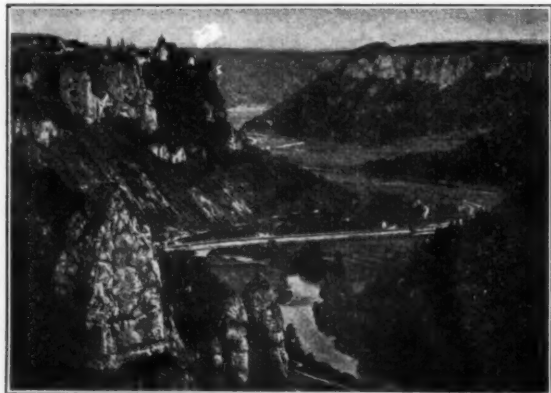
"Ah, that is very bad, very bad, Zephyrin," said the priest. "I cannot bear to think that things have come to such a pass. Give me a little time for reflection and I will see what can be done."

"Thank you, M. le Curé, thank you. You put some courage into my heart. It is strange, M. le Curé, ever since that day of the pilgrimage she has been ten times worse than before. Surely it was not a crime that I should take my turn at Lourdes after she had been twice already. Neither was it a crime, M. le Curé, that I should have appropriated one of her fine fat fowl, which, I assure you, I intended and offered to pay for, but would you believe it, she took the money which I had laid upon the table that morning and threw it in my face when I returned. She said it was dirty money and she would not accept it. From that time on she has been hinting at some mystery of my past life which she has discovered and threatens to make public in the village."

"That is strange, Zephyrin," said the priest. "I do not think there has ever been a mystery in your life."

"You are right, M. le Curé."

"Some evil-minded gossip, or some joker,



PICTURESQUE VALLEY OF THE DANUBE

knowing her disposition, has probably invented a tale which she believes."

"That may be, M. le Curé, but I have no enemies in LaFontaine that I know of, nor is there any joker in the village who would invent such frightful things as she hints at from day to day."

"What, for instance?" inquired the priest.

"She says that I am an unfaithful husband, that I have always led a double life, that I am a hypocrite and a whitened sepulcher. She also declared time and again that I am a sacrilegious monster, going to Mass and the Sacraments with mortal sins upon my soul."

"The woman must be going crazy," said the priest. "Have you suspected nothing of that kind?"

"Nothing, M. le Curé. She is by no means crazy; her manner with others is precisely the same as always. It is only upon my head that she pours out her unholy rage."

Again Madame Véronique opened the door and announced:

"Madame Zephyrin is in the kitchen."

The Curé looked surprised; the old man sprang to his feet.

"She has followed me," he whispered. "Who told her where I had come?"

"She does not know you are here," said Madame Véronique, also in a whisper.

"That is good," said the priest rising quickly, opening the door and motioning Zephyrin to depart.

The old man did not need a second intimation that it was time to leave.

The priest stood at the window until he saw him turn the corner of the garden, then he said to his mother:

"Ask her to come in."

* * * * *

The woman who entered had once been very handsome, but her irascible temper had played havoc with the beauty of her regularly formed features.

She made a low curtsy to the priest who motioned her to a chair. She seemed nervous and excited.

"What is wrong, Madame Zephyrin? Your husband is not ill?" inquired Fr. Sylvain.

"No, Father, not that I know of. I have not seen him since morning. I have been at Briant with Madame Zachary visiting her niece. She found the woman ill and is staying with her for a few days, so I came back alone."

"A long walk," said the priest, "to take at night without company."

"I had my thoughts," said Madame Zephyrin, "and as I came, M. le Curé, I concluded the best thing for me to do was to come to you

with some information that I have lately obtained. It is only right that the priest should know his people, and become aware of the presence of the wolves in sheep's clothing that are mingling with his flock, and perhaps corrupting them day by day. I am speaking of my husband, M. le Curé, of Zephyrin."

"Of Zephyrin!" exclaimed the priest. "I do not understand you."

"I will explain as well as I can," she responded. "I will begin at the beginning. No doubt you know, M. le Curé, that I am of a superior rank of life to that of my husband."

"I did not know it," replied the priest.

"Well, it is true. You were only a boy when I married him. His father kept the same little shop that Zephyrin has now. I am not of LaFontaine, M. le Curé."

"I did not know that either," answered the priest.

"I come from Boischemin, which is a much more important place than LaFontaine. It has at least five hundred more population. My father was a schoolmaster there; we were a highly respected family. I first met Zephyrin at a fête on the feast of the Assumption. He had come over with some other young fellows for the dance, after that he never gave me any peace until I married him. Since then we have lived at LaFontaine, and I have always thought myself to be the mistress of my own house as well as of my husband's heart."

"To be sure," said the priest, "every one in LaFontaine knows that Madame Zephyrin is the mistress of her own household, and I do not think there is in the whole village an imagination so lively as to fancy that Zephyrin had room in his heart for any other woman than his wife."

She looked at him a little suspiciously, not being able to decide whether his answer was not a little ironical.

"Naturally, naturally, M. le Curé," she replied, "but on the day of the pilgrimage to Lourdes when my husband, with the selfishness common to all men, took the law into his own hands and left me home alone, on that day, M. le Curé, I made a great discovery."

"You did! Do you feel at liberty to disclose it to me?" inquired the priest.

"Yes, M. le Curé, I am here for that purpose."

She drew her chair closer to that of the priest, glanced at the doors, which were both shut, and continued in a mysterious tone:

"That day, to relieve my mind of my disappointment, I thought I would brush and clean Zephyrin's Sunday coat, which he never will let me touch, because he says I rub the cloth the wrong way. That is what he said, but he had another reason, which of course I did not

know at the time. What I wanted to show him was that I could clean the old coat without injury to the fabric. While I was doing this, I felt something like papers in the inside pocket. Thinking that perhaps Zephyrin had some bills or even bonds concealed there, of which, like all men, he did not wish his wife to know, I took out the paper and discovered an envelope, ragged at the edges and yellow with age. Opening it, what do you think I found, M. le Curé?"

"I cannot guess," said the priest.

"A packet wrapped in a bit of white silk, inside of that was a piece of red ribbon, and inside of that again, what do you think?"

The priest shook his head.

"The picture of a woman!"

The priest remained silent.

"The picture of a woman!" she repeated. "A photograph, old and faded."

"Was it an old or young woman?" inquired Father Sylvain.

"A very good-looking woman. I have it here."

Putting her hand into the bosom of her dress, she drew forth a small packet which she opened. It contained a photograph of a young woman dressed in the style of perhaps fifty years ago.

"That is a very old picture, Madame Zephyrin," said the priest, "a very old picture, and the dress is Norman."

"Yes," she replied, "that may be so, I do not know, but what I do know is that he has carried it about with him ever since I met him, and probably before."

"How do you know that?"

"It is old and faded. He must have loved that girl, and still treasures her memory. No doubt he had this picture in his pocket the day we were married, for it is the same coat. Can you imagine greater duplicity, M. le Curé?"

"Do you mean to say that Zephyrin is still wearing the same coat in which he was married?"



ARCHABBEY OF BEURON FROM SOUTHEAST

"Certainly I do," she replied. "Being a priest, you may not be familiar with our customs. A man treasures his wedding coat as long as he lives, wearing it only on state occasions, to Mass, etc. When Zephyrin returns from church, I have always made him put on a clean blue blouse and brush his coat carefully, before putting it back in the armoire."

The priest had an astute mind and was of quick intuition. He went to the door, opened it and called to his mother. She came. He handed her the picture.

"Mother," he said, "do you know this picture?"

"Ah, yes," she replied, "it is Zephyrin's mother. I have often seen it. They once went to Paris and came back with this picture. It was at the time when they had just begun to take photographs. I was a very young girl then, and this ribbon, I remember it very well, it was a little bow that Madame Zephyrin wore at the side of her great coil of hair on fête days you know. She was from Normandy, and they are a gayer people than we."

She looked at Madame Zephyrin.

"And Zephyrin has kept it all these years?" she said. "An affectionate son, an affectionate son."

Madame Zephyrin was leaning back in her chair, her bonnet half fallen off, her hair disarranged from her long walk in the wind.

"That is all, mother," said the priest.

Madame Véronique left the room. Father Sylvain turned to his visitor.

"You see, Madame Zephyrin," he said sternly, "what your hasty temper and foolish jealousy has done, making yourself and your husband very unhappy, and drawing you even farther apart than you were before. Do not think, woman, that because I have never mentioned it to you, I have not been aware of the tyranny you have exercised over your husband, who is a good man and has always been a good man, whose only fault, as far as I can see, is that of excessive patience and forbearance. Who but the most faithful and affectionate of men would have cherished this faded picture for more than fifty years? He must have been quite a boy when his mother died. Quite a boy."

"Yes, yes," she said, "but why, M. le Curé, need he have kept it a secret from me, his wife?"

"I will tell you why," said the priest. "Because you have been so harsh and unsympathetic a wife that he could not reveal to you his only treasure, lest you should turn this token of love and remembrance into contempt and scorn; and I have no doubt, Madame Zephyrin, that on occasions when he has been tempted to flee from your persecutions and injustice, he

has taken that little picture from his pocket for consolation, and more than this, I also believe that, gazing into the beautiful eyes of the mother whom he loved so tenderly, he has imagined he saw there a look which said to him: 'Have courage, my son, still bear, still endure.'"

When Father Sylvain began speaking, he did not know exactly what he was going to say, the woman before him was not easy to handle, too great severity might anger her, and his words would then have been of no avail; but, as they fell from his lips, he realized that severity and a stern reproach were what she needed. Before he had finished she was weeping aloud.

"Yes," he reflected, "she has a heart, she is still a woman."

A sudden inspiration seized him. He went to a drawer, took from it a large clean white handkerchief, put it into her hands and said to her:

"Here, wipe your eyes, straighten your bonnet, and tuck up your hair. I shall be back in a moment."

Very humbly she unfolded the handkerchief, looking at him with softened, imploring eyes.

He left the room and went to Poli's door under which he could see a light burning.

"Poli," he called, and a voice responded.

"Yes, M. le Curé, I am here."

The door opened and Poli appeared.

"Well, M. le Curé," he began, "we had the grandest supper."

"You can tell me about that to-morrow," said the priest hastily. "Run now across the meadow as fast as you can to Zephyrin's and tell him I want to see him immediately."

"His wife has not met with an accident?" inquired Poli.

"I had not heard of any," replied the Curé. "Ask no questions, Poli, but go quickly."

Father Sylvain looked into the kitchen, which was dark. His mother and Marie were in their

(Continued on page 80)

Communion

ROSE DARROUGH

A chime of silver bell that sounds a note
Of deepest, dearest joy that earth may bring
I kneel, oh Lord, and in sweet fancy hear
The angel choir its glad Hosannas sing.

I close my eyes and seem to see you come
As came the lowly, loving Nazarene;
With blessing hand outstretched, you lead my soul
Beside still waters and through pastures green.

What weight of grief has power to crush me now,
What further throb of joy can life afford.
My heart sings out in sudden happiness
For I have known the sweetness of the Lord.

Where Jealousy Leads

ADA ESCOUSSE

GRACE RYANS looked about the classroom eagerly, for it was the first day of her last year at St. Rita's where she had a perfect attendance record since she had begun kindergarten at the age of five. Now she was seventeen, a senior, and would graduate in June.

As she glanced quickly about the room only one new face met her eyes. A girl of about her own age with light brown hair, dark brown eyes, the whitest, loveliest skin Grace had ever seen.

Sister Patrick, the English teacher who was in charge of their classroom, was talking.

"I am glad to see all of last term's girls back again and to welcome a new girl also." She smiled at the girl Grace had noticed, and said, "Lois, come up here, dear."

The girl obeyed and stood beside the Sister who placed one arm about her shoulders as she stated: "Girls, this is Lois Lindsay, who has moved here from Georgia. I hope you will soon be friends, make Lois feel that New Orleans is almost (she smiled at the girl) as nice as her former home."

At intermission the girls crowded around Lois; that is, all but Grace Ryans, who hung back, not sure yet whether she wanted to be friends with this new girl.

Because Grace was the only girl in her class who had gone from kindergarten to senior class at St. Rita's, she was a little inclined to think the school belonged to her, rather accustomed to being the leader in everything, accepting each term the office of class president, quite as her due.

Before three weeks were over Grace decided that she detested Lois Lindsay for various reasons. First, because everyone liked her; second, because she was beautiful and carried herself so well; third, because Lois was making better grades than she did, particularly in English.

One Friday Sister Patrick gave them a composition which must be done at home and brought in Monday.

Grace had her theme well in mind and decided she could write it in "no time." So she idled Saturday morning away, reading some, playing the new victrola records her brother had bought the day before.

At noon Tom, her twenty-two-year-old brother, tossed two theater tickets beside her plate, saying: "Bought them for Nan and I but she just phoned her mother is ill and I've got to

work this afternoon, so get your pal, Lucy Bates, and take in the show, Kid."

For a moment Grace thought of her composition. Then decided she could write it that night or Sunday. "Thanks, Tom, it's awfully nice of you and I know Lucy will be tickled pink."

Night brought company and the writing was postponed until Sunday. Mass in the morning, a long automobile ride in the afternoon, that Grace just couldn't refuse, Benediction at night.

By getting up earlier—all of fifteen minutes—Grace had a hastily written composition ready for Sister Patrick.

When the compositions were read aloud and Lois Lindsay's voted the best it was more than the indolent, selfish Grace could bear.

"Humph!" she whispered to Lucy who sat across the aisle, "I could have beat that if I'd half tried! Bet she didn't write it anyhow. I heard Sister say that Lois's mother writes stories and I bet a dollar she writes all of Lois's themes!"

"Grace!" Sister Patrick's clear, sweet voice cut in on her consciousness. "This is the third time this morning I've caught you talking! Are you forgetting that you are the class president and expected to set a good example for the others?"

All morning Grace sulked and at intermission had much to say concerning Lois, knowing she could overhear. "Stuck up, hateful thing! Comes down here from some little hick town in Georgia that no one ever heard of and thinks she owns St. Rita's when I've been here all my life! Look at the way she walks! Bet she'd like to kiss herself!"

"Why, Grace Ryans!" Lucy chimed in heatedly. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself! Lois isn't stuck up. She walks straight because she inherited it from her father. He walks like a soldier. She's sweet and nice and—oh, you're just jealous of her, Grace!"

Grace stared at Lucy in amazement. Lucy, her own particular chum, turning against her! It was all Lois Lindsay's fault! She paid no attention to Lucy's words for the demon of jealousy had entered her soul and taken possession so completely that Grace did everything in her power to make life unpleasant for Lois.

The fact that Lois went quietly about her work in the school, her play on the grounds, in the sweet unaffected way she had, ignoring Grace's sneers, insults, made Grace hate her more than ever.

Before the second month of school had passed Grace had become so talkative during school hours that Sister Patrick asked her to resign from the class presidency.

After school there was an election and Lois Lindsay, despite the girl's sincere protestations, was made president.

For Grace this was the final straw. She would not admit that she had lost the honor to Lois by her bad deportment. It was so much easier to convince herself that Lois had been maneuvering for just this thing ever since school had opened. If she had it in for Lois before, now her spite had trebled.

About the first of December the girls in the English class were each asked to write a play. The best would be chosen and acted out as part of the Christmas program.

Grace was determined that her play should be the chosen one. All the girls were working hard but she would work harder. Yet, when her play was completed, she was far from satisfied. It wasn't bad, but it wasn't startlingly good either; yet it was the best she could do, for she could think of no better plot. Could not make this one more interesting. What was she to do, let Lois come out ahead of her again?

One Saturday afternoon, while going through a pile of old magazines that had been lying in the attic for years, in search of recipes for the cook book the Domestic Science class was making, Grace came across a play.

It was simple, humorous, just the best thing she had ever read, quite the sort she felt Sister Patrick would like.

The magazine was ten years old, not a popular magazine either. It was very doubtful if anyone at school had ever heard of it—a few minor changes here and there—a new title—why shouldn't she?

And Jealousy, who had brought Grace triumphantly along his road of selfishness, must have laughed gloatingly as she tore the pages from the magazine.

Grace watched Sister Patrick's face as she read the play next morning. Saw her smile and chuckle and when the last page was read, heard her say glowingly:

"Grace, you have done a very clever thing here; the rest of the girls are going to have to sharpen their wits to excel your play."

At intermission Grace was overbearing and as she and Lucy strolled past Lois she said clearly. "Of course my play will be the best in the room unless Lois has her mother write hers for her, like she does her composition."

For once the gentle Lois did not turn the other cheek. "Grace Ryans, that is unfair! Because my mother writes stories is no reason I can't write my own school work without her help! Besides, mother's stories are for little

children. She has never written a play in her life!"

Grace noted there were tears in Lois's eyes and laughed insolently.

The next day all the plays were turned in and a few days later Sister Patrick announced that the plays had been narrowed down to two, Grace's and Lois's.

"One is as good as the other," she stated frankly. "One is a comedy, the other a drama. I shall give them to the Superior and the other Sisters to read. Then we'll put it to a vote."

"Sister Patrick," one of the girls asked, "won't you read the plays to us without telling which is Lois's or Grace's? Then let us vote on the one we like best?"

Sister Patrick agreed and read Lois's play first.

Grace squirmed uneasily. It was good, a hundred per cent better than the one she had written before finding the play in the magazine, and almost as good, but it was serious. Her twelve years at St. Rita's had given her the knowledge that the Sisters invariably chose lighter things than Lois's play, good though it undoubtedly was. How lucky that Lois had chosen a serious theme! She hadn't a chance!

There were cries of admiration when Sister Patrick finished. Then she began on Grace's.

Laughter punctuated the reading of it throughout and when it was ended Sister Patrick asked: "Well, which is best?"

"Both," the girl who had asked that the plays be read answered quickly. "I don't see how anyone could vote against either. They're totally different, each equally good. I know! Why not have both on our program, Sister Patrick?"

Sister Patrick considered. "That is a good suggestion. As each play is but one act it won't take long to present them. I'll see what Sister Xavier says."

Grace did not like this suggestion at all. She wanted her play to be chosen, Lois's left out, and was about to make a protest when Lucy stood up, a strange look upon her face.

"Sister Patrick," Lucy asked, a strained note in her voice, "won't you tell us now which play is Grace's and which is Lois's?"

"Certainly, Lucy. Lois wrote 'Broken Gates' and Grace, 'Please Come In'."

Watching her chum, Grace saw Lucy hesitate a moment as though about to say something, then suddenly sink down upon her chair, lips tightly pressed.

At intermission many of her friends came up to congratulate Grace. Their admiration of the play was sincere and she drank in their praise avidly, wondering why Lucy was not among them.

A few minutes before the bell rang Lucy

pulled Grace aside and said in a low voice: "Grace, I can hardly believe it of you but—I read your play in Blank's Magazine."

"What are you talking about?" Grace demanded brazenly. Oh, it could not be that Lucy had read it—a magazine that old!

"You know perfectly well what I'm talking about, Grace. I say I read 'Please Come In' in Blank's Magazine last summer. Of course, it had a different title, the characters had different names, but the plot is quite the same."

"Just because you read something that seemed a little like my play, just because you're jealous *your* play isn't being considered, you dare say things like that to me?" Grace was determined to deny Lucy's accusation.

"Listen, Grace. Last summer when you were away and I sprained my ankle and wanted something to read, your mother loaned me a stack of magazines, some of them several years old. Among them was a copy of Blank's Magazine containing the play you turned in as your own."

"It's not true!" Grace protested. "Lots of plays are alike. How dare you say—"

"Not word for word alike, Grace. Why add lies to your theft? For that is just what it was, downright stealing. How could you stoop to such a thing?" Lucy was almost in tears too.

"W—what are you g—going to do about it?" Grace asked in panic.

"I? You are going to stay after school, Grace, and tell Sister the truth, then you are going to confession. I wondered why you didn't receive with the rest of the Sodality this month."

"Oh, no! I can't! I can't! Sister Patrick would hate me and Lois would queen it over me because her play would be on the program!"

The bell rang and they had to run to fall in line; their talking ceased.

Somehow the long afternoon dragged by for poor miserable Grace who was beginning to realize the awfulness of the thing she had done. Tell Sister Patrick—how could she? No, she'd quit St. Rita's first—then Lucy would tell—everyone would know—confess to saintly old Father Granger what she had done—oh, she couldn't, she couldn't!

When the dismissal bell rang Grace rose to join the ranks, noting that Lucy remained seated.

"Grace," Lucy whispered frantically, catching at her dress, "if you don't stay, I'll tell the whole class to-morrow."

Sulkily Grace sunk back in her seat and, when the others had filed out, Sister Patrick asked pleasantly: "Well, girls, what can I do for you?" Then before they could reply she added: "Grace, you don't know how proud I am of your play. It is so good that I am going to look up a publisher and let you submit the play to

him. Wouldn't it be wonderful if you could sell it?"

This was too much. Grace put her head down upon her desk and sobbed heartbrokenly, repentantly: "Oh, Sister, I didn't write the p—play! I s—stole it out of a magazine!"

Sister Patrick came and sat in the seat with Grace and gently drew out the whole story of Grace's jealousy and hatred of Lois. "It's really all her fault!" Grace sobbed. "She's caused trouble ever since she came to St. Rita's; sneaked around and got the class presidency from me and—"

"That will do, Grace!" Sister Patrick's sweet voice was stern now. "You have no one but yourself to blame. The class president must have perfect deportment and yours has been as bad as that of the little beginners. I think the whole trouble with you is that we Sisters have spoiled you because you are bright and have such a long and perfect attendance record. Until this term everyone liked you and—"

"And now no one likes me!" she wailed.

"Can you blame them? You have shown that you can't stand not being the center of attraction. Everyone has noticed your attitude toward Lois, who is one of the sweetest, brightest girls I have ever taught. Jealousy is a terrible thing, Grace. It is the father of lies, deceit, slander, and—theft. Don't you see that now, dear? Isn't it time to master this jealous streak in your nature instead of cultivating it as you have done in the past few months?"

The girl sobbed wildly for a few minutes then heroically got control of herself. "Oh, Sister Patrick, I'm so ashamed and sorry! I didn't realize I was s—stealing. I will quit being jealous and make you and everyone like me again! Oh, oh, but I just hate myself for being so wicked. Do you think God can ever forgive me?"

After awhile Sister Patrick suggested this plan: Next day Grace must announce to the class that she had received *outside help* on her play and did not think it fair to allow it to remain in competition with the one Lois had written unaided. That way no one need ever know the real truth.

It was a saddened, chastened Grace who came to school the next morning and made the speech Sister Patrick had suggested.

There were a few protests from the girls, but Grace was firm and Sister Patrick made it as easy for her as she could.

At intermission Lucy came to her and hugged her affectionately. "You were splendid, darling. Now just forget 'bout the old play and say you're not angry with me because I made you 'fess up?"

"Angry? Oh, Lucy, I'm glad! For it was a wicked thing I did and—I'll never forget the

lesson I learned. Suppose you hadn't read the play, Sister Patrick had tried to sell it for me, and the editors would have written her I'd stolen it? Oh, I don't like to think of all the terrible things that might have happened if it hadn't been for you, Lucy. But are you sure you still want to be friends with me?"

Before Lucy could answer, Lois came up to them. "Grace," she said, "Sister Patrick said I might assign the rôles to be portrayed in my play. Would you care to take the part of 'Louise'? I'd like very much to have you take it."

"But, Lois!" Grace's mouth hung open in astonishment. "'Louise' is the heroine! Surely you want that part for yourself?"

"Oh, no, I don't!" Lois laughed. "I'm not much keen on acting and the girls tell me *you* are wonderful. You'll take it? Good! I'll write your lines to-night. And, Lucy, won't you be 'Sybil,' the villainess? Peggy, you take 'Miss Sue's' rôle—and—"

Standing there, watching this unselfish girl, Grace Ryans saw herself clearly for the first time, just as she really was. Had her play been chosen, she would have demanded the leading rôle, while Lois had kept the part of a maid whose only lines were, "Thank you, Madame!"

"Lois," she called quickly, and when the girl came back, Grace did a brave thing, there before at least a dozen of her classmates, by saying: "Lois, I've been a selfish, jealous, conceited fool and I've treated you shamefully. Will you forgive me and be friends?"

"Why of course," Lois retorted quickly. "I've always wondered why you didn't like me, sort of felt that you were fine underneath and did not really mean all the unkind things you said about me."

Grace could not help the tears that sprung to her eyes. "Lois," she said chokily, "I don't deserve your friendship, but if you'll forgive me I'll try my very best to make up to you for all the mean things I've said and done. It was just because I was jealous of you, your prettiness, your popularity and your cleverness."

And at those words, the terrible demon of jealousy abjectly packed his belongings and left the heart of Grace Ryans forever.

Beuron

(Continued from page 69)

(canon) of the human body, which he had discovered in ancient Greek and Egyptian works of art, he struck out new lines in coloring, but occupied himself more with sculpture than with painting, whilst some of his recent pupils have decorated a number of smaller churches in different parts of Germany. At the commencement of the new century Dom Desiderius was

called again to Monte Cassino by Archabbot Krug, his faithful patron, to decorate the crypt of the abbey church, the resting place of Sts. Benedict and Scholastica, with mosaics, relics and statues, a work which flowed from the very depths of his artistic mind. After the completion of this task he spent his last years at Beuron in retirement, but still spoke of, and wrote essays about, his own conception of art. The latter had at the beginning provoked contradiction in almost all artistic circles, but lately has been appreciated more and more. Although none of his disciples in the different abbeys is going with him the whole length, yet he has undoubtedly influenced many rising and middle-aged artists, and by replacing several modern ideas by ancient and tried principles, his efforts for a reform in ecclesiastical art have not been in vain. R. I. P.

A Shepherd and His Flock

(Continued from page 76)

room. Taking a bottle of wine from the cellar, he filled two glasses, placed them on a small brass tray, and went back with them to the study. Setting them on the table, he looked at Madame Zephyrin, who had wiped her eyes, arranged her hair, and straightened her bonnet. She was sitting quietly in her chair, the handkerchief neatly folded in her lap. He heard footsteps on the walk, went into the corridor and opened the door. It was Zephyrin.

The two men remained talking for a few minutes, then the priest ushered the old man into the room where his wife was sitting. Madame Zephyrin looked up in surprise.

"Good people," said the priest, "I think it was God who sent you both here to-night. This is the opportune moment. Make good use of it, for some day He will require of you an account of it. Be frank with each other; be resolved to turn over a new leaf in the book of your lives, for there cannot be many pages left to turn. Settle it between yourselves, and if you are honest, I think your future together will be happier than the past has been."

His advice included both, but his eyes never left the face of Madame Zephyrin as he spoke.

They turned to each other,—the priest left the room. Sometime after he heard the front door open. He went to the window of his own room, where he had been sitting, waiting Zephyrin and his wife were slowly going down the garden path arm in arm.

He went back to the study. The tray was on the table but the glasses were empty, showing that for the present at least peace and harmony had been restored.

(To be continued)

Notes of Interest

From the Field of Science

—'Squaring the circle' has always been an interesting problem in mathematics. The very close approximation that we have in finding the square area of a circle is usually attributed to Archimedes, who lived in the third century before Christ. But a recent discovery would put it much earlier. Two Russian scientists have deciphered an ancient Egyptian papyrus roll which places the solution of the problem for the area of a circle and of a sphere at about 1800 B. C.

—Suppose you are driving an auto along a main boulevard, and the traffic sign suddenly flashes red, holding you and a long string of cars at the crossing of a side street, on which no car is approaching. A new invention would leave the boulevard traffic have the right-of-way until a car approaches on the side street and wishes to cross the line of main traffic. The approaching car is to sound its horn, the sound waves striking a sensitive electric control which switches the red for the main boulevard. The device is being tested out in an Eastern city.

—Wireless reception has long been familiar with time sent at second intervals. A recent proposal of some scientists would send the time at intervals of about one hundred thousandths of a second for special scientific observations. The method is that evolved in sending pictures by wireless. Two motors revolving rapidly at exactly the same rate of speed, one at the transmitting end and one at the receiving end, make the transmission at such infinitesimal periods of time possible.

—'The Church and the Problem of Mental Deficiency,' is the title of an instructive article by Dom Thomas Verner Moore, O. S. B., Ph. D., in the May number of the *Ecclesiastical Review*. The learned author deals with the problem mainly from the social and religious view in connection with his splendid work of charity in establishing the St. Gertrude's School of Arts and Crafts for subnormal children. But he deals also with the scientific view. He holds that heredity is not the sole factor in feeble-mindedness, but that it is also perpetuated by the environment of the child. There are social as well as biological factors that enter into the problem. The older view that the transmission of feeble-mindedness is almost exclusively a problem of Mendelian inheritance is now admitted to be extreme. Therefore, sterilization and segregation of the feeble-minded can never eliminate the mental defective from society, nor do away with the consequent crime and pauperism. For these reasons the author points to the duty of Catholic charity to provide suitable religious environment for the feeble-minded by special Catholic schools.

—The recent translation into English of the *Opus Majus* of Roger Bacon calls attention again to this wonderful Friar of the thirteenth century, who predicted the use of steam power, electricity, radio-penetra-

tion, the phenomena of magnetic attraction, the microscope, and even the atmospheric variations and revolutions affecting old computation of time in the Julian calendar.

—The famous tooth, claimed as the molar of an ape, and known for six years as the *Hesperopithecus harold-cookii*, has tumbled from its perch of honor, and is now generally admitted to be the tooth of a peccary, an ancient piglike beast. So another claim for the missing link has gone the way to the scientific ash pile.

—America's longest tunnel, six miles long, known as the Moffatt Tunnel, was recently opened. It shortens the trips between Denver and Salt Lake City by about 170 miles.

—A large percentage of automobile accidents is due to flying glass. A new triplex glass, under ordinary impact, will not shatter. Two pieces of the finest plate glass obtainable have a third piece of cellulose material between them. This cellulose, known as pyroxalin plastic, is perfectly transparent. The three layers must be cut exactly to size, laid together, and then subjected to 17 different processes, including chemical cleaning, pressing between hugh presses, and sealing of the edges. The finished product cannot be cut. Under very severe impact, the triplex glass will let a flying body pass through.

—The modern prospector for ore and oil finds a great help in special instruments. The magnetic methods are based on the principle that magnetic ores will deflect the magnetic needle. The gravitation methods are based on the principle that very dense bodies of ore will attract the plumb bob, making it swing a little towards the hidden ore. The results are so delicate, and subject to so many interpretations, that only expert geologist-technicians have success.

—The one-piece automobile body makes the body and the chassis into one integral unit. Both height and weight are saved, greater strength is attained, and rattle of parts eliminated.

—The world's largest vehicular tunnel under water has been completed between Oakland and Alameda, California. Its outside diameter is 37 feet. It was built on land, towed to place, and sunk, section by section.

—The tuberculosis death rate has decreased for mankind in general, but it has increased for young women. The craze for reduction in weight is said to be the cause.

—The use of pulverized coal on an ocean-going freighter has proved such a success that future developments may make it a competitor with the oil burners.

"Applied" Science

—The land lies well, but real estate agents lie better.

—The human race is now longer-lived, but not the race for the railroad crossing.

—The U. S. has ancient traditions,—we speak of horse-power for the automobile, and of the front of a train as a cowcatcher.

—The 'average' person, recently discovered by the newspapers, thinks much of the honor which proves the point.

—Too often the American people are less interested in the love that passeth understanding and more interested in the car that passeth all the others.

—Edison is hunting for rubber in weeds,—has he taken up golf?

Eucharistic

—The branch of Sister Servants of the Holy Ghost, whose special occupation is perpetual adoration, have, with ecclesiastical permission, begun the establishment of a house of perpetual adoration in Milwaukee. These sisters have the same founder as the Society of the Divine Word. They pray especially for the success of the missions.

—The seventy-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the Forty Hours Devotion in the Church of St. Philip Neri, Philadelphia, occurred on May 26th. The saintly Bishop John Nepomucene Neumann, C. Ss. R., who opened this solemn exposition, seems to have been the first Ordinary in the United States to have introduced the public devotion of the Forty Hours into his diocese. St. Mary-of-the-Woods, near Terre Haute, is said to have introduced this devotion as early as March 5, 1843, and to have kept it up each succeeding year, with the exception of one. St. Mary-of-the-Woods now has a beautiful chapel in which perpetual adoration is kept up by the Sisters of Providence.

—The Benedictine Sisters of Perpetual Adoration, of Clyde, Mo., have just completed the first unit of their foundation at Mundelein, Illinois, where perpetual adoration will begin on the feast of Corpus Christi, which falls on June 7th this year. His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein will celebrate the first Mass. For the present a small adoration chapel will be maintained in the convent until such time as funds will permit of the erection of a suitable chapel. The convent stands near the Seminary of St. Mary of the Lake.

Benedictine

—In a recent brief issued by Pope Pius XI, His Holiness declared that the Motu Proprio of Pope Pius X, in 1903, on the reform of church music, must be considered as the law for sacred and liturgical music. This brief was issued in connection with the celebration of the ninth centenary of the pontifical approbation of the reform introduced by Guido of Arezzo, a Benedictine monk who lived between 995 and 1050. The system of staff notation that he invented is still in use.

—The Anglican Benedictine nuns, who became Catholics some fourteen years ago, are located at Talacre Abbey in Wales. This young struggling community, which is in great financial difficulties, is in need of a church in which to hold divine service. Possibly some of our readers may desire to give them assistance.

These nuns recite the canonical hours of the divine office in choir each day.

—Monte Cassino in Italy, which St. Benedict sanctified by his presence fourteen centuries ago, is to have a funicular railway and an aqueduct from the town of Cassino at the foot of the mountain to the ancient abbey, which will celebrate its fourteenth centenary in 1929. The Government will issue special postage stamps in commemoration of the event.

—The twelfth Summer Session of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music will open in New York City on June 25 for a six-weeks' course. Rt. Rev. Abbot Dom Ferretti, O. S. B., President of the Pontifical Institute of Sacred Music at Rome, will be present again this year and will give a course in Aesthetic Principles and Gregorian Form.

—Sacred Heart Church, Boulder, Colo., of which Rev. Agatho Strittmatter, O. S. B., is pastor, has been presented with a \$13,500 set of tubular chimes by Walter P. Chrysler, wealthy manufacturer of the automobile that bears his name. Mr. Chrysler is not a Catholic.

—Holy Cross Abbey, near Canon City, Colo., has begun the erection of a \$65,000 dormitory building, which will have eighty-eight rooms with two large reception rooms. The plans include the construction also of a dining room and a study hall, but these will be erected later. The structure, which will be of brick, trimmed with artificial stone, will be 165 feet long with a wing extending 167 feet west from the center. The building should be completed by the opening of the fall term of school.

—A summer school in church music will be conducted at the St. Cloud Music Institute, St. Cloud, Minn., from July 19 to 31 under the auspices of the Liturgical Apostolate of St. John's Abbey. Dom Ermin Vitry, O. S. B., a student of the Brussels Conservatory of Music and former instructor in vocal and orchestral music at Maredsous Abbey in Belgium, will be in charge. Fathers Innocent and Cuthbert, of St. John's Abbey, will be on the faculty. "The curriculum will cover the entire field of church music, and will be divided into general and optional courses, the latter designed to meet the more personal needs of the students."

—The fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Abbey of Subiaco in Arkansas, which is now in ruins, did not assume a joyful aspect. A High Mass on St. Joseph's day was the only festive commemoration of the event. The Holy Sacrifice, a Low Mass, was offered up for the first time at Subiaco on March 19, 1878. The first High Mass was celebrated two days later, on the feast of St. Benedict. The outlook for rebuilding, we are glad to say, is hopeful. We trust that the helpful sympathy and encouragement of friends may enable Subiaco to raise up its abbey again in the very near future.

—The first unit of a group that will eventually form the Benedictine College at Corpus Christi, Texas, was completed before Easter. The present structure, which is three stories over a basement and a full-height attic story, is fireproof throughout. The first term of school will open in September this year.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Our Sioux Indian Missionaries

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., Fort Totten, N. D. Mail, express, and freight to the same address.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., and Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

June Days---and Vacation

At last they are here—the beautiful warm days, when the sun lingers until late, the breezes hold glorious promise of happy summer days coming on apace, the great open spaces seem beckoning, and waving grasses and blue skies and scudding white clouds all seem united in one huge happy holiday. Nina Red Dog casts longing eyes out the open window, and whispers to Matilda Thunder Cloud her wish that the days might speed along faster so that she might soon see her dear ones at home. But first, of course, there are lessons to study, against the final examinations which will determine whether she will be promoted to seventh grade next September.

But when the fifteenth of June comes, what happiness! What bustle! What joy! From every corner of the horizon come wagons—spring wagons and farm wagons and autos in every state of dilapidation—containing eager mammas and papas, some with babies in arms and other small youngsters seated in the vehicles—come to hear the program of the last day of school—songs and recitations, some in English, some in their native tongue, delighting the parents beyond words. Some of the girls know how to play on the piano too; the sisters teach those who have an aptitude for music, and some of them turn out very creditable performers, even serving as organists at distant missions where there are no Sisters.

Then there is a display of needlework too, done by the children during the school year, and this work is later sold in the city for the benefit of the mission. Of course, they all went to Mass and Communion that morning—some of them are daily communicants, and feel a real regret at leaving the school for the summer for their distant homes, since they will not be able to receive their Lord so often. At Mass, too, they sang the Gregorian chant very beautifully. In reading reports from many and widespread missions, we learn that chant comes naturally to the Indian, and the music, once learned by him, is never forgotten. He learns all its variations with equal ease, and seems to love it. The parents, quite like all other human parents, love their children and feel great pride in their achievements.

Everybody lunches outdoors at noon, and great is the joy and camaraderie. Then, lunch over, happy farewells are said—some of them not without furtive tears of regret over leaving the Sisters, for one never knows when parents suddenly decide to move, perhaps far away from the missions, where they will be compelled to attend the religionless Government School—as has already happened with some very promising pupils.

Seven Dolors Mission

They are beginning to work on the new school very slowly; Father promised the Indians that he would begin excavating as soon as the frost was out of the ground, and they, delighted and eager, have already brought many loads of sand to the site, so that it might be ready when the actual digging begins. They are excavating now, and if sufficient funds keep coming in, Father hopes to continue steadily on with the work during the summer so that he will have at least two rooms ready for occupancy by September. Of course, this will not be possible unless the good friends of the mission continue helping him.

Father Ambrose states that when he first came to Seven Dolors, everything was nicely established, so that there was hardly any need of outside assistance. But the fire changed all that. With no insurance, he found himself penniless, a mass of ruins on his hands. But he has great hopes that the Little Flower, who gave him benefactors to build his new church, will also inspire good souls to help him build his new school, so that many little Indian children may be saved for Christ.

A Letter of Gratitude

M. M., of New Orleans, La., sends the following letter: "Dear Rev. Father:—Enclosed please find \$5.00 which I promised the Sacred Heart if my mother would recover her health. She is now enjoying good health, and I send you this donation in token of my gratitude. Seeing your appeal in the Grail, I thought yours was a most worthy cause, as you will find plenty of places to use this money in. God's blessings on your great mission field."

Father Ambrose wishes to thank this very kind donor, who signs only her initials, and assures her of a share in the little Indian children's prayers.

Another Letter

"I am not able to do much, but I always save every piece of clothing I can, that is still usable, for the missions. I have a bunch of boys' waists and about ten pairs knickerbockers, outgrown by my children. Of course, they are not new, but I will patch the small holes and then they can be worn for two or three



Fearless Hawk and Wounded Knee
on their wedding day

months anyway. Do you think these would be acceptable? Also, I have some shoes of various sizes, boys' and young ladies'. They are slightly worn, but not exactly through. Would Father care for these, do you think? I have heard that he has some boys doing shoe repairing, so perhaps he could patch these shoes and they would do for awhile. The uppers are perfectly good. I have some child's story books, and some school books. I could send these too, if you think it well. I am saving my old sheets and pillow slips for Father, too, and will send these in a separate bundle. Even my neighbors are interested. They have begun saving too."

What a good, thoughtful woman this kind mother is! After attending to her own large brood, she still has time to think of the poor little Indian children. What merit she will have some day when her name is called in the Great Roll Call! Surely, the boys' waists will all find eager wearers, and it is easier to find wearers for the knickers than new knickers for the wearers. Perhaps many more mothers could dig up a lot of old knickers that their boys outgrew, if they looked through their closets. What a welcome these garments would receive! Shoes, too; yes! Father Sylvester is having some of his boys repair shoes. He would like leather patches to do it with, if anyone is able to send them. And, of course, the shoes are badly needed, so send on all you have. Also, all sorts of books are welcome, especially bible histories. Father Ambrose has been asking for any old bible histories you may be able to dig up around your house, so that he may give them to the children at the Government School. An old Chinese proverb says: "One picture is worth 10,000 words of explanation." Father finds this is true too. The pictures in the bible histories will go far toward teaching these children the history of the true Faith.

Vigil Lights and Candles

Anyone wishing to do something in memory of their dead, or in order to obtain some favor, may purchase candles for Seven Dolors, to be burned on the altar, or vigil lights, or seven-day candles for sanctuary lights. Imagine having your light burning before the tabernacle for seven days in the sanctuary lamp! It would be keeping vigil for you, and our Savior would remember lovingly who it was provided this light for Him. The Mass candles must be 51% pure bees' wax. Or someone might write Father, telling him to order candles to a certain amount for his mission, and send the bill to him. In this way, Father could be sure of getting the proper kind of candles.

That *your* candles are giving glory to God while being consumed in His honor at Mass and at Benediction—and, for *your* intention—is a beautiful thought.

Cost of the New Building

With the funds that Father has on hand, about \$25,000 more will be needed to complete the new school building. The Sisters will have apartments in this building, and four schoolrooms will cost about \$1500 each. Some kind donors have designated altogether about \$1100 for a chapel and altar. Boys' and girls' sick room, each \$1000. Dormitories about \$2500 each. Kitchen, dining room and laundry, about \$2000 each. Seamstry, \$1000. Pastor's study and bedroom, \$1200. Boiler room, \$2500.

For the seamstry, those who are not able to give big amounts, might like to purchase sewing machines. Last year kind donors purchased six machines for Immaculate Conception Mission at Stephan, S. Dak. They were not new machines, but reconditioned ones, and the Sisters say they work fine. These are obtainable at the low prices of \$5.00, \$10.00, \$15.00, etc., in St. Louis, Mo., and anyone wanting to donate such a machine to Seven Dolors Mission may send the money

to Clare Hampton, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo., and she will select the best machines for the money and have them shipped to the mission. Freight must be prepaid; it amounts to about \$3.00.

Immaculate Conception Mission

Sickness is taking its regular spring toil at Immaculate Conception Mission. Mr. Gregory Turner, who for many years had been the faithful catechist of the Fort Thompson Indians, died in March. He was the son of Drifting Goose, a great chief, was a very good man, and had great influence with those whom he taught. The missionaries feel his loss very much, for he was a great help in that vast field where workers are so few.

Then, little Peter Driving Hawk, one of the schoolboys, died of pneumonia, in spite of all the efforts that were made to save him. He had a most edifying death. All during his sickness, no matter what his sufferings were, whenever anyone approached his sick bed, he always greeted them with a patient and cheerful smile.

Another poor little victim, Lydia Roundhead, one of the mission schoolgirls, was suddenly stricken with tubercular meningitis. Father Justin had gone to bed at 12 o'clock that night, having worked until late over the preparations for Holy Thursday. At one o'clock the Sisters suddenly came pounding at his door, saying that something was wrong with little Lydia, and begging Father to come. He found her little hands and feet all twisted, and she was unconscious. So a car was sent for the doctor at Fort Tohmppson, 15 miles away, and after receiving his verdict, Father anointed her and then took the doctor back to Fort Thompson, arriving home again about 6 A. M. In all, Father had one hour's sleep in preparation for the hard work of Holy Thursday. That afternoon, Lydia was taken to her home, where she died at 5 o'clock.

Measles are rampant too, claiming twenty-seven little patients, who, thank God, are not seriously ill, but are ready to smile and show their good spirits in spite of being tied down in bed.

On April 12 Father had a wedding forty miles from the mission. He had planned to take the girls' choir and some Sisters with him, but it rained all night, and at 7 o'clock in the morning, when he had to leave, it was snowing so hard that he could not take them. However, some Indian men and women sang the High Mass very well. The husband of the girl was a convert, and received Baptism, Holy Communion, and Matrimony all on the same day. The snow continued falling, and by next day, April 13th, it had become a terrific blizzard.

St. Paul's Mission

Miss E. B., of Latrobe, Pa., sent us some beautiful white satin, handpainted scapulars, made by herself, and also some fine linen doilies with deep crocheted edging, to be used in the sanctuary. They have been sent to Father Sylvester, and the scapulars will be used for the First Communion children of this year. This same lady sent us various other fancy work at Christmas time, to be sold for the benefit of the missions. This was done, and netted a nice amount of money, which was sent to the missionaries. Surely this kind lady has a great merit in using her handiwork for the missions, and the missionaries send her their heartfelt thanks.

The old chapel of St. Paul's is now used as a "charity room," or place where all the used clothing sent in is stored. Father Sylvester's good mother runs this department. She has a book, in which is written all the names of the needy Indians. There is scarcely an Indian of this tribe who is not provided for in this way. Those who are too ill to come themselves are visited, and clothing brought to them. She is not satisfied to

(Continued on page 92)



AGNES BROWN HERING

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—Our Blessed Lord loves children very much, but just how much we cannot realize. One day when the Apostles were wondering among themselves which among them was the greatest, and who would be greatest in the kingdom of heaven, Our Lord sat down, and calling a little child that was standing near He said to the Apostles, "Amen, I say to you, unless you become converted and become as little children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, he is the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven."

The Apostles were very much surprised. It had not occurred to them that they might not get into Heaven at all, they were disputing as to which one would have the most honor there.

Our Blessed Lord then went on to explain how precious children were in His sight, and of the reward that those will have who do them good, and of the terrible punishment that will befall those who do them harm, or wrong them. He says, "He that shall receive one such little child in My name, receiveth Me. But he that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea. See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I say to you that their Angels in Heaven always see the face of My Father who is in Heaven."

Now, little children can help or harm each other very much. Wherever they meet,—at home, on the street, on the playground, at school,—they are doing good or ill, pleasing or displeasing the good angels of their brothers or sisters or companions.

The holy Angels watch over little children all the time, day and night, and these holy Angels always stand in the presence of God.

The Prudent Pansy

'Twas early spring, the sun was warm,
So all the daffodils
And crocuses made haste to don
Their flimsy yellow frills,
The tulip revived a slender stalk
Above the earth mold damp,
Preparing presently to light
Her flaring crimson lamp.

The timid violet, too, untied
Her purple-satin hood,
And took a furtive little peep
Around the leafless wood—
But though from even shady nooks
The snow was really gone,
The pansy very wisely kept
Her velvet mantle on.

—Minna Irving.

Jesus Invites the Little Ones

Children are very dear to Our Blessed Lord, and He loves to see them near Him. He was resting one day when some Jewish mothers, who had watched for an opportunity, brought to him a large number of children that He might lay His hands upon them, and pray for them.

The Apostles thought that these mothers should not trouble our Blessed Lord and they told them so. Now, the Apostles had forgotten what Our Lord had said to them about becoming like little children, if they wished to be near and dear to Him.

A child should obey and should be satisfied to depend on others and should be innocent. If they are obedient and good, they are great in the sight of God and worthy to be set up as example, even for the Apostles.

When Jesus saw that the Apostles would drive the children away, He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

We can see from these words, how eager the little children were to come to Him. They gathered about His knees. We feel sure that they must have held out their little arms for Him to take them and asked Him to take them too, when they saw Him holding others. They nestled in His arms. They took His hand and held it fast. Oh, how they loved Him!

Although Jesus cannot be seen now by little children with their bodily eyes, He can come into their hearts in Holy Communion, and He loves them as tenderly as when He held them in His arms in the days of the Apostles.

Ask Jesus to come often to you. Say to Him daily, "Come, Oh, dear Jesus, come into my heart. Deliver it from all its evils. Enrich it with all Thy goods. It desires ardently to receive Thee. Amen."

The Needle's Eye

One day a young man came running up to Jesus and said to Him, "Lord, what shall I do to possess eternal life?" Our Lord said to him, "Keep the commandments." The young man replied, "This have I done from my youth."

Jesus saw that he was a good young man, and He answered him, "One thing is wanting in thee; if thou wilt be perfect, go sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven."

When the young man heard this, he was sad, and he went away disappointed, for he was a rich young man and he enjoyed all the comforts that wealth can bring.

When Jesus saw the young man go away, He told His disciples that it was hard for those who trust to riches to enter the kingdom of Heaven. "It is easier," He said, "for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God."

"What instrument do you play in the jazz band?"
"I shoot the guns."—Ex.

LETTER BOX

(All letters for the CHILDREN'S CORNER should be addressed to AGNES BROWN HERING, Royal, Nebraska.)

SOME RULES FOR BUTTON WINNERS

Write with pen and ink (or on typewriter), not with pencil, and use only one side of the paper.

Your writing should be legible so that the typesetter can read your letter with ease.

Moreover, your letter should be neat; use correct English; take care not to misspell any words.

Leave a margin of at least one inch at the left edge of the paper and one of half an inch at the right edge.

Place your name on the right and your age on the left at the top.

As the school year draws to a close the number of letters decrease. That may be due to preparation for examinations, commencements, or—spring fever.

HONORABLE MENTION

Margaret Latchney (age 12), Box 156, Bulpitt, Ill., writes that she is in the seventh grade at St. Rita's School, Kincaid, Ill. Her teachers are Dominican Sisters. Bulpitt is a mining town. Margaret promises to answer letters from girl readers of any age.

Estella Ciambrano (age 8), 1125 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa., is knocking at the door for admittance. She is welcome. Estella is in the fourth grade at St. John's School. She finds the "Children's Corner" interesting.

FIDELITY BUTTON

Marie Stricker (age 15), 901 W. Franklin St., Evansville, Ind., says that she enjoys "The Corner" immensely. She hopes to receive letters from boys and girls of her own age.

Margaret Sullivan (age 16), 2821 Mainecke Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., is also tapping at the "Corner" door and "wants in." She is welcome to our circle. "The more, the merrier," as the saying goes. Margaret is a graduate from the eighth grade at St. Thomas Aquinas School. At present she is taking a commercial course. She requests boys and girls of her age to write her.

Helen Louise Conkling (age 12), 2047 Alta Ave., Louisville, Ky., asks to join our merry circle. She requests especially that her Louisville cousins write her.

Elizabeth Healy (age 11), 5659 Princeton Ave., Chicago, Ill., has written her first letter to the "Corner." She attends St. Anne's School, and is in the sixth grade. Elizabeth reads the "Children's Corner" every month. She says she shall be disappointed if no one writes her.

Clara McGrath (age 16), 1113 East Monroe, Springfield, Ill., writes, addressing Aunt Agnes:

Don't you think the "Corner" a wonderful place for making friends? I certainly do. It seems every time I write I receive a couple more correspondents. Just Saturday, Marie Mezydla, whose letter was published in the March Grail, wrote to me for the first time.

You informed us a couple months ago you would like something of interest concerning the Civil War. I have a great uncle who fought in this war and he yet shows a button from his uniform which saved his life. It happened that a bullet, instead of hitting him struck this button, making a deep mark upon it. He lives here in Springfield and every year on his birthday there is a big piece in the paper telling about his many experiences. Wouldn't the rest of your cornerites be proud to have such a relation? Your niece, Clara McGrath.

The auto picked up speed,
The tire picked up a nail,
The driver picked himself
From astride an old fence rail.—Ex.

The Name of St. Boniface

FRANCIS S. BETTEN, S. J.

St. Boniface's original name was Winfrid (Winfrith). As Winfrid he was known in the monastery, where as a child of seven years he began his religious life; in the neighboring abbeys, where his services as efficient and learned teacher were desired; and, in the higher circles, including bishops and kings of his native Anglo-Saxon lands. When he definitely left his country for apostolic work on the continent, he first repaired to Rome, to obtain from the sovereign Pontiff, Pope St. Gregory II, the supreme approbation for his missionary activity. He wished above all to be an ambassador of St. Peter. The Pope, at his own request no doubt, gave him a new name, a Roman name, to signify the close connection he desired to have with the Roman See. Winfrid became Boniface.

Though the meaning of this name (benefactor, orator) fitted him very well, historians now are of the opinion that the choice of it was probably casual. On May 15, 719, the Pope signed the first document addressed to the new apostle. On May 14, the Roman Church celebrated the feast of a martyr St. Boniface. This nearness of the two dates it is thought suggested to Gregory II to choose this name for the Anglo-Saxon Winfrid. Other similar instances are on record which make this assumption quite plausible.

The Apostolic missionary took this change very seriously. The beautiful meaning no doubt pleased him. But the name was above all Roman. With surprising suddenness the Anglo-Saxon Winfrid disappeared. The Roman name at once appears in the many letters of him which we still possess. We meet the name Winfrid only in a few of those letters—by no means in all of them—which he received from his Anglo-Saxon friends. Once only is he addressed as Winfrid by the nun Bugga in 720, so shortly after the imposition of the Roman name that the change could hardly have become known to the pious writer. In two other letters he is addressed as "Winfrid or Boniface," and in one as "Boniface also called Winfrid." He himself never uses "Winfrid" alone. Three times he is "Boniface or Winfrid," and once "Winfrid or Boniface," and this only in letters written to Anglo-Saxons. For the Popes under whom he lived and worked, and for the priests and deacons of the papal court who had concluded intimate friendship with him he was Boniface. Under this name only is he addressed by the rulers of the Frankish Kingdom, Charles Martell, Karlman, and Pipin the Short. After his martyrdom the English bishops, in a national synod, decreed that the day of his death should be yearly celebrated by all the priests, and they call him simply Bonifatius Martyr. In the Roman martyrology, the official register of the saints, he is registered in the same way. As Boniface he lives in the annals of history, and in the grateful memory of the nations he benefited. Many of the children of these nations do not know that he ever had another name.

St. Boniface wanted to be a Roman, though he made no secret of his Anglo-Saxon extraction and ever re-

mained solicitous for the spiritual welfare of his far-away kinsmen. The Roman name reminded him all the time of the bond of allegiance which united him with the head of Christianity. The special tie between him and St. Peter was exteriorly expressed in this name. Many Saints are known to have had some particular devotion, as, to the Sacred Heart, the Immaculate Conception, etc. St. Boniface, too, had a favorite devotion, namely, to the Prince of the Apostles. The acceptance, retention, and constant use of the Name of Boniface was prompted by this devotion and in turn kept it alive in his own mind and in the minds of all who dealt with him. Whenever secular or ecclesiastical history calls him Boniface, it thereby implicitly records the special relation, so much cherished by the Apostle of the Germans, between him and the Apostolic See.

Our Frontispiece

If we were asked to give a title to this painting by Hofmann, we should name it "Domestic Peace." From the amorous doves overheard to the clucking hen beneath the stair, all here tells of love, contentment, peace. Follow the eyes of the earthly Trinity. Joseph, apparently, is speaking to Mary. She is casting a loving look on her little Son, whilst He smiles up into the love-lit face of His foster father, Joseph. What a lesson Jesus teaches us with His rule and cross-shaped square! He would tell us that work is the rule of life of all Adam's children; the cross, their daily lot; but that in bearing both in union with and for God, they become sweet and the source of true peace.

Peace is the beauty of order. Order is the foundation of rest and peace in the soul. When all our relations to God, our fellowmen, and ourselves are rightly regulated and ordered, we possess true peace of heart. "Pax—Peace" is the motto of the sons of St. Benedict, and their watch word: "Ora et Labora—Pray and Work," suggests the means of acquiring it. Prayer is the homage of the soul to its Creator; work, that of the body. Vocal and mental prayer are pleasing to Him, and work also, especially if performed between prayer, or converted into prayer of deed by a good intention and seasoned with the savory salt of ejaculatory prayers. In this way we can fulfill the Master's precept of praying always, can be ever united to the only source of true rest, and, thus united, enjoy a foretaste of eternal peace.—P. K.

Abbey and Seminary

—As the Solemnity of St. Joseph fell on April 25, the feast of St. Mark had to be transferred to the following day. The usual procession to Monte Cassino, however, was held on the 25th. The members of the community, the student body, and the congregation of the local parish left the Abbey Church at 7:30. The line of procession was over the highway, across the valley, and up the hill to the chapel of Our Lady, where Solemn High Mass was celebrated to beg the blessing of God upon the fields. Only a very small portion of the assembly could enter the tiny chapel. The customary

holiday on the Solemnity of St. Joseph was postponed to the following Monday.

—Another catalog holiday was enjoyed on May 2, the nameday of the Rt. Rev. Abbot, who is president of the institution. As in past years it was also field day and mission day combined.

—Among the many visitors and callers whom it was our pleasure to greet during the past month was a staunch friend of THE GRAIL, Miss Mary E. Sullivan, of Oak Park, Illinois. From the very inception of our monthly—and even before that time—the encouragement given us by Miss Sullivan has been most helpful. She was accompanied on this trip by her sister, Miss Marcella, and the Misses Marie and Katherine McCutcheon, of Evanston, Ill. The three first are teachers in the Chicago public schools, which were having their spring vacation during the first week in May. The trip overland, which is delightful at this time of the year, was made in easy stages by automobile.

—"Julius Caesar" was presented in the College Music Hall to the public on May 6 and 13, and on the 20th the final presentation was given at Vincennes. The show at Evansville did not increase the "gym" fund to any marked degree.

—The primary elections—to decide who shall be the party candidates at the fall elections—took place on May 8.

—This year the seminarians were very fortunate in the day (May 9) they selected for their annual picnic. There was plenty of warm sunshine, plus an abundance of good eats and many rounds of sweet concoctions to slake the thirst. Vocal and instrumental music together with other forms of amusement caused the time to slip merrily away. But then who couldn't have a glorious time in "paradise"? Alack, and alas! all terrestrial sweets are fleeting and of only momentary endurance, leaving in their wake a bad taste in the mouth.

—Boys of the fifth year, classical, with their Rev. Rector, Father Dominic, took advantage of the holiday and went to the renowned Wyandotte Cave, which is about thirty miles east on Indiana's scenic highway 62. They had time only to admire the underground wonders that are to be seen on one of the two shorter routes through the cave, which take some three hours to explore. The longest route requires from five to seven hours.

—May 23 was designated picnic day for the collegians, who were to celebrate in the woods three or four miles south of the college.

—With June comes the end of the school year and the beginning of the summer vacation. The examinations are scheduled to close on the 14th; the day of departure is set for the morning of the 16th. On the evening of the following day the summer retreat opens with closing exercises on the 22nd. Those of the faculty who are pursuing courses at Notre Dame University with a view to capturing an M. A. degree will attend summer school from June 26 to Aug. 8. The others will be variously occupied; substituting for absent pastors, teaching summer courses, giving retreats, etc.

—As the forms of THE GRAIL are made up before the ordinations, which are to take place on May 28 and 29, our reporter was unable to chronicle the names of all the ordinands. The following deacons, however, will be promoted to the priesthood on May 29: William Fehlinger, Emile Goossens, Bernard Shea, Charles Wagner, Joseph Terstegge, Anthony Kasper, Martin Nahstoll, Cornelius Hall, for the Diocese of Indianapolis; Fr. Damian Preske, O. S. B., and Fr. Victor Dux, O. S. B., for St. Meinrad Abbey; for the Diocese of Louisville, at Louisville, on June 2: Leo Jenne, William Jarboe, Carlos Poole; for the Archdiocese of San Antonio, at Friedricksburg, Texas, on June 7: Armand Weber, Francis Fellman, Benjamin Kaminski; John Boomkens, June 10, for Belleville; James Nichol, June 2, at Rockford, for Kansas City.

HAPPY VACATION—BON VOYAGE!

The Chancel Choir on a Jaunt

Two large, lightsome, heavy busses of the Red Star Line with comfortable, cushioned seats, and draperies at the windowettes drew up at the Seminary on Saturday noon, April 28, to convey the St. Gregory Chancel Choir of some sixty persons to Indianapolis for the morrow's concert. Departing at one p. m., the party should have reached its destination by seven o'clock, but between French Lick and the State Capital there are some long hills to be reckoned with. It was with difficulty that one of the busses could make the grades. Instead of arriving on scheduled time, the belated travelers did not put in their appearance till eleven. Anxious mothers were awaiting them. Yet, no mishap occurred to mar the excursion.

At Solemn High Mass in the Cathedral, which was *coram Episcopo*, the choir sang the music of the Mass with Father Stephen at the organ. The Rt. Rev. Ordinary, Bishop Chartrand, preached an eloquent and forceful sermon in which he stressed the importance of music in the liturgy and showed how the Church has always fostered the arts and music. By invitation of the Very Rev. Rector of the Cathedral, Dr. Elmer J. Ritter, more than one hundred teaching sisters of the city, representing various orders, were present at this Mass.

The great event of the day, however, was the concert given in the evening. A very appreciative audience of more than 1400 greeted the choir in the auditorium of the Cathedral High School. Every number on the program was received with enthusiasm. Three of these numbers, the compositions of Father Vincent, formerly director of the choir: *Veni, Sancte Spiritus; Regina Coeli; Terra Tremuit*, were sung from manuscript. These with two selections from Palestrina: *Impropria—Popule meus*, and the Lamentation from the Prophet Jeremias, closed the first part. Then followed plain chant numbers. The third part contained two compositions by Father Thomas, present director of the choir: *O Salutaris Hostia*, and an *Ave Maria*. The concluding number was the *Credo* from Pietro Yon's *Missa Regina Pacis*.

The *Indiana Catholic and Record*, the official paper of the diocese, says of the choir editorially: "Everyone in Indianapolis who heard the Abbey Choir of St. Meinrad last Sunday night at the Cathedral Auditorium wants to hear that wonderful organization again. The surpassing beauty of the rendition of the great music of the Church will never be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear it. Non-Catholics who were present were among the greatest admirers of the splendid program."

On Monday morning, as the busses could not be located, the return trip was begun on an electric car which had been chartered to Terre Haute. After midday luncheon at St. Mary-of-the-Woods and an early afternoon concert, although not prearranged, the choir was enroute again. (The surprised busses had in the meantime recaptured their disconcerted cargo.)

At Vincennes, which lies half way between Terre Haute and Evansville, Very Rev. Dean Gregoire, pastor of the venerable "Old Cathedral" of the diocese, who "got wind" of the rapid advance of the attacking party, had a splendid supper prepared in the dining room of the Gibault High School. That the viands fell at the first onslaught will be readily conjectured. Supper over, and a few purchases made on Main Street, the busses took up their southward course again. It was then seven p. m., and a hundred miles between the songsters and bed, but boys don't mind a matter of such little consequence—if they're having a good time. The distance, at length, being entirely eliminated, like stealthy Indians these "night riders" slunk into the house and crept noiselessly to the dormitories at—well, nobody heard them enter, but we are willing to take their word for it that it was still a good hour before midnight. Thus ended—in peaceful dreams—an eventful trip—a break in the monotony of books and lessons and lessons and books.

Book Notices

Fathers Albert Muntz, S. J., and H. S. Spalding, S. J., have the distinction of being the joint authors of the first college textbook on sociology written in English from a distinctly Catholic viewpoint. Both are authorities on the subject. Father Muntz has taught sociology for many years at St. Louis University. Father Spalding was associated with Rev. Frederick Siedenberg, S. J., in founding the Loyola School of Sociology in 1915. D. C. Heath & Co., are the publishers.

Historical Essays, a pamphlet of sixty-four pages has been issued by the class in Church History at St. Meinrad Seminary under direction of Rev. Cyril Gaul, O. S. B., professor of Church History. The eight essays that make up the pamphlet show much painstaking effort and diligent research on the part of the writers in this praiseworthy undertaking. Copious references at the end of each essay show the sources of information consulted. The following table of contents will give our readers an idea of subjects treated: *The Study of American Catholic Church History*, *Pierre Gibault, Bigotry in the American Colonies*, *The Apostle of Kentucky* (Rev. Charles Nerinckx), *Our Martyrology*, *Father Roman Weinsaeffel*, *The Potawatomi Missions in Indiana*, *A Pioneer Benedictine in Indiana* (Rev. Bede O'Connor, O. S. B.). Price 35¢.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Hidden Gold

CHAPTER XIV

FULFILMENT

THE happy days fled all too fast in the little flat on Howard Street, where preparations were going on for a simple wedding—too fast, because of their present happiness, and yet not fast enough, with the promise of a future happiness too precious for words. Maud was busy sewing from morning till night, making her wedding outfit. Her training in the Salon years before now stood her in good stead, and her nimble fingers aptly performed the delightful duty of preparing lovely but simple things for the great event, and for the new nest now building out in Fairlawn, the new, parklike subdivision to the West of the city.

True, the bungalow would not be finished for some ninety days or more, but that mattered little to the three most interested. They intended remaining in their present home until the building was completed. Meanwhile they would have all the pleasure of many happy trips out to the new place to watch its progress.

Jasper declared that he now felt almost well, except for the weakness in his legs, which would not bear the weight of his body. But he did not let that worry him in the least. He was content with his bargain with the Almighty, and was satisfied to wait for its fulfilment, of which he had not the slightest doubt. He sat all day, watching Maud at her sewing, with his beads slipping through his fingers, or reading some book from the parish library, which she willingly brought him as often as he completed them.

James seemed walking on clouds, and, feeling that God had been exceedingly good to him in giving him such a guardian as Jasper, and such a girl for a wife, he never failed to drop in at the church for a nightly thanksgiving as he passed by on his way from work. The wedding day was but a fortnight off now, and he, too, was making his preparations, although these, naturally enough, were more simple than Maud's. The banns had been announced for the first time the Sunday before, and the good Father to whom they had gone for their instructions, praised them both in their choice of a Catholic partner for life.

At length the momentous day arrived. The morning broke clear and mild, reminding one of a May day.

Summer was having her last fling, although the sad leaves banked in the gutters told another story. But if it was autumn on earth, it was spring in the hearts of three happy people who climbed into the limousine standing at the curb downstairs. James had carried Jasper down the stairs in his arms, and placed him in the machine, and the man in the flat below, in all kindness of heart, had offered to bring the wheelchair over to the church, so that the invalid might be comfortable.

Jasper was immaculate in morning coat and grey-striped trousers, with a white carnation in his lapel, vieing with the snowy white of his hair. He sat beside Maud, holding her hand all the way to the church, a happy smile on his lips, but a secret, wistful longing for Cynthia in his heart. He had trusted so implicitly, he had prayed so hard, he felt that she must be at the wedding of her child. All the evening before he had listened with straining ears for the footsteps of one he loved, and even up to the time of their departure, he had caught himself listening. Yet he did not lose heart because his prayer was seemingly unanswered. "In the Lord's own good time," he told himself.

At the church door they placed Jasper in his chair, and many an eye was wet as they beheld the sweet bride walking in beside him, as he propelled the chair to the front of the church. Meanwhile, the majestic strains of the wedding march pealed out beneath the dark groins of the half-century-old temple of God, as the members of the wedding party arranged themselves before the beautiful marble high altar.

As the party walked up the aisle, a woman, dressed all in black, with a mourning veil over her face, slipped in and watched them with streaming eyes. She chose one of the rear pews, close beside a wide pillar on the extreme right, behind which she could kneel, unseen by the rest of the congregation. Only a narrow space remained to her vision, between the row of stately polished granite columns, but it was enough for her to see the figures of a slim girl in a filmy veil, and a tall, slender boy beside her, the priest, and, in the aisle, wheeled close against the first pew, a white-haired man in an invalid chair. It was all she wished or needed to see; she cared for naught else, and her eyes never left the group throughout the entire ceremony.

Soon the sweet organ tones changed to "Oh Promise Me," and a silver girl-voice trembled lovingly on the tender notes. "God bless my darlings!" was the only prayer that passed unceasingly through the tremulously

parted lips of the woman. She remained kneeling, immovable through the nuptial Mass, and afterwards, when they were passing down the aisle out of the church, she devoured them with her eyes. She could not refrain from rising and following them, and mingling with the throng at the church steps. Unseen, she watched them until the limousine turned the corner, and, when the good neighbor with Jasper's wheel chair passed her on the sidewalk on his way back home, she fled back into the church, in the most obscure corner of the little Lady Chapel at the side, there to pour out her heart in bitter, unrestrained tears.

How lonely and desolate she felt! She thought of the happy wedding party going home to their breakfast—she was sure it would be a festive one, with everybody laughing and talking, while she—where was she? An exile, alone here in the deserted chapel, when her heart was nearly dying within her with longing to be with them! Well, why did she not go to them—you will ask. Alas! Only the self-exiled know how hard it is to reunite broken ties, when the heart is timid under the weight of wrongs committed, and uncertain about forgiveness.

Upstairs, at 2014 Howard Street, there was much joy, and sweet, simple merriment. James had wanted to order the wedding breakfast sent up from the caterer's but good Mrs. Bergen, his landlady of so many years, insisted that she would come up and cook it herself. She told Jasper that she thought as much of James as she would of her own son, if she had one, and would do anything for him. How she enthused, in her good old German style, over the sweet bride! The party was made up of simple friends and neighbors. Two or three of James' particular cronies from office and boarding house, and his employer, were there. Then, the good neighbors from the first and second floors below, kind people who had been so helpful during Jasper's recent illness. The ladies all helped with the cooking and serving—just a good, old-fashioned wedding breakfast, with comfortable, experienced old mothers passing around a lot of good-natured banter and chatter, along with the ham and potato salad and toothsome pies and cakes.

There were no relatives, because, of course, none of them had any; but Jasper and Maud and James knew the secret of making their own relatives—kind neighbors, just plain, simple, common folk with big hearts, who sympathized with these three in the many troubles through which they had passed. One felt so at home with them; no formality, no putting on of airs, just plain everyday home folks. Mr. Walker, James' employer, a wealthy, dignified man, declared afterward that he didn't know when he had enjoyed himself so well. His wedding gift, an expensive cabinet radio, enlivened the entire day by its music, and Jasper wheeled his chair close to it, and felt that he would never have a dull moment with this instrument in the house.

There were various other gifts too, some simple, towels and linens from the neighbor women, others slightly more elaborate, but all sincere tokens of good will from

friends who really meant what they said. But the crowning thrill of the day came when there was a sudden, loud, ceaseless honking down at the curb. All rushed to the windows, and there stood a nice-looking dark-blue sedan, not new, but carefully polished up to look its best.

"How do you like it, Maud?" asked James, linking his arm into hers.

"Like it! You don't mean to say you—" James nodded.

"Your wedding present. You see, we just had to have it; I bought it for you to take Daddy out riding in. We'll need it to go out to the new house too. Daddy will want to see how it's coming on each time we go. We can't leave him at home, can we?"

"No, dear, but—did it cost very much?" James shook his head.

"Two hundred; I got it through Mr. Walker. His brother was selling it, and he obtained it extra low for me. It was he who suggested it in the first place. He is so thoughtful for us, Maudie. You cannot imagine how kind he is in everything."

Immediately the men were steeped in comments and calculations as to the car's good points, and nothing would do but they must go down and take Jasper with them, and try it out. They all piled in, and what a deal of laughing and pushing and tight squeezes they were having. Jasper was like a boy in his eager enjoyment of everything, and it seemed ten years had dropped off his shoulders. Soon they were spinning through streets and parks, while the ladies remained upstairs and talked "shop" from attic to cellar, giving all sorts of house-keeping advice to Maud, which she laughingly received, stating that she was coming to each one of them with a big blank book which she intended purchasing, in which each was to write her favorite household hints and recipes. This pleased them immensely.

And like most old-fashioned weddings, the guests remained all day, and far into the evening. And the merriment waxed, and they sang the popular songs with the radio, and one or two of the men got up to do a folk dance. Meanwhile, a dim silent figure was anxiously scrutinizing the house numbers along the street, pausing before 2014, and slowly, timidly beginning the ascent of the two flights of outside stairs, which led to long porches along the side of the house. It was a woman, and she was deeply veiled, and when she reached the third floor porch, she slipped over to the window of the room where the guests surrounded the bride and groom, and falling to her knees, she watched them eagerly, scarcely daring to breathe. When anyone came out of the door, she crouched back into the corner.

She pondered within herself, and tried to decide what to do. The Father confessor had told her that it was her duty to go back to her husband, and no one was more eager than she to do it. How she longed to knock at the door, enter, and astonish them all—but no; she wanted no audience. She wanted not even Maud and James at first—she wanted only Jasper alone, that she might throw herself at his feet, and there sob out her repentance.

The time was passing fast; the little old alarm clock

on the kitchen shelf pointed to the hour of ten, and Mr. Walker took out his watch and arose. With heartfelt good wishes, he bade the new couple good night, and gave his hand to Jasper, whom he appreciated for all his golden worth. Then, one by one the neighbors began leaving, with hearty kisses for the bride, and just as hearty handshakes for her husband. Crouched back in her corner, the woman watched the people going clump, clump, down the ancient, splintery stairs, but she still remained, unable to tear herself away from this abode of souls so precious to her. But at last the windows were dark, and there was no further excuse to stay. She felt it would be inopportune anyway to break in upon the happiness of those within—perhaps unwanted, undesired. Had she but known! So she dragged her weary feet down the steps again, and slowly, unwillingly, she walked back, in the chill, rising wind, to the place where she boarded nearby.

None would have known her anyway, had they met her; she had lost her former plumpness, and her face was drawn and changed with lines of pain. Oh yes, she wanted Maud too, but it was to Jasper she must come first—to her husband, for whom she yearned, over whom her heart was broken to see him in his helpless, stricken state.

It was evening, and James had just come home from work. It was the day after the wedding, and Maud was awaiting him with a happy smile, having made a dainty supper for the three of them.

"Look what came by messenger to-day," she said, handing him an envelope. Wonderingly, he opened the packet, and found a \$20 bill and two opera tickets. "From one who loves you both, with heartiest wishes for your lifelong happiness." They looked at each other in wonderment, but neither could solve the problem of who had sent the belated wedding gift. "Well, we're very grateful to the person who sent it, but sorry we can't use the tickets," said James.

"Well, why not?" asked Jasper.

"Oh, Daddy, we can't leave you, can we? You wouldn't want to remain here alone?" protested Maud.

"Why not?" he asked again. "I've got the radio. I wouldn't be a bit lonesome. Besides, you are not having any honeymoon, and you can't stay here mewed up with me all the time, just because these two old pins refuse to work, can you?"

"But, Daddy, what if something happened? I'll never forgive myself for that last time when you shooed us off to the movies and when we came back, you were so ill."

"Bah! I'm all right now; had my little fling, and that'll be all for awhile, I think. Besides, I can knock for Mr. Bowman downstairs if I want to. We've got a code of knocks we invented, just for fun. Now listen, you two; I insist that you go, at once, to-night. Hear me? Now obey your father like dutiful children."

"Well, Daddy, if you think you won't be—" began Maud, but Jasper stopped her.

"No if's and but's now, children. You will make me happy by going and enjoying yourselves."

"Very well; but I wonder who sent it. And why they sent opera tickets? Isn't it rather an odd gift?"

"A very appropriate, thoughtful one, I should think," replied Jasper. "Someone probably knew you don't get out much, and they knew your taste for music and singing too."

"I'd give anything to know who it is. I don't see why they did not give their name." And meanwhile, a lone woman in a lonelier boarding house room was hoping her little ruse would work.

So Maud and James went to the opera, and Jasper sat with a contented smile and twirled the dials from New York to San Francisco, and from Canada to Cuba, enjoying very much the flying trips from one city to another, filled with wonderment and speculation as to the hidden marvels in God's creation, of which He has been pleased to discover a small part to man.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Jasper shut off the music and called "Come in," an expectant smile on his face. He was sure it was Mr. Bowman or Mr. Miller, from the floors below, who often dropped in of an evening. The door opened, and a woman, all dressed in black stepped in and closed it after her.

"Cynthia!" cried Jasper, overwhelmed. And without thinking, he arose, took two tottering steps toward her, and staggered—into her eager arms. For one ecstatic moment, they were absorbed in each other—then his limbs gave way, and she half carried, half dragged him back to his chair. There, she fell on her knees, and began pouring out a torrent of tears and repentant words, but he would have none of it.

"Cynthia, my darling! Get up this instant and let me look at you! God bless you, my darling wife—I knew you'd be back before long! Oh, how happy we will be altogether now! Wait till the children come home. They've gone to the opera—"

"I know—I sent them there, that I might find you alone. Oh, my dear, precious husband, I doubted you—I didn't know if you would take me back, but now, I shall work my fingers to the bone for you—I shall serve you like a slave—"

"Cynthia, what are you talking about? You need never have gone away at all. How we grieved over your absence—but no more of that now. You are here, and I will never let you leave us again. Did you think so little of our love?" She sat beside him, and held his two gnarled hands, and could not keep her eyes off his face.

"God is good," continued Jasper, looking upward. "I told Him to take away the use of my legs and bring you back in return. But, did you notice, Cynthia—I took two steps alone. I do believe I am going to walk again!"

"Oh, God grant it may be so!" she cried, kissing his hand with humble fervor. "Jasper, I've returned to God, and I've resolved never to leave Him again. I am not worthy to have you take me back, but oh, something dragged me here—I had to come!"

"Poor child, we all make mistakes. It was I who dragged you back—with a strong chain of rosaries, said for you every day.

"God bless you, dear husband!" And she threw her arms about his neck and the two sat quiet and silent for a long time, content just to be near each other. They waited up for Maud and James, and words cannot paint the ecstasy of mother and daughter, when they threw themselves into each other's arms, and experienced a heavenly compensation for all the sorrow each had experienced. As for James, he was beside himself with delight, for now he felt that every last wound had been healed, and joy could reign unconfined.

"And just think, Maudie," said Jasper, "I believe I am going to walk again." And he told of the two involuntary steps he had taken, and here was fresh cause of rejoicing. Then they told her of the new bungalow being built, and that they wished her and Jasper to come and live with them. Maud sat on the arm of Cynthia's chair, her arm about the latter's neck, and it seemed, she never would cease kissing and caressing her.

"Darling Mother, we are going to have a regular little heaven all together in our new little home. Oh, I can't wait!" But Cynthia looked up and slowly shook her head.

"No, dear; much as I would love to come with you, it is best that you and James begin alone. Besides, I have a plan of my own. We shall take a small place on the ground floor, perhaps somewhere near you, and just as Jasper worked and helped and did everything for me before our trouble, so now I am going to repay him. I shall open up a small dressmaking business—just enough work for myself, and perhaps one helper. It is only right that as he once worked for me, I now work for him and make it easy for him. No—" as Jasper began to protest—"no, Jasper, you must let me. You shall never again lift a finger, and you shall have every cent I can earn—to do with just as you will. I shall never handle a penny of any money again." Jasper's heart was melting within him to hear her talking so; how perfect a renunciation she was making, he alone knew.

"Ah, Cynthia dear—there is no need—" he began. But she stroked his gnarled hand and silenced him.

"Now you must obey me, like a good dear. James and Maud will have their little heaven, and we shall begin all over again—and have ours."

And Jasper smiled up at her, pressing her hand, well content that, having dug deep into the mountains of Faith and Hope and Love, he had found the inexhaustible hoard of HIDDEN GOLD buried there.

THE END

The Fool's Robe

V. D.

And Herod with his army set Him at nought and mocked Him, putting on Him a white garment.—St. Luke 23:11.

O how like to that garb of the fool's deep disgrace
Is the whiteness of each snowy Host,
For beneath this white veil true Wisdom must face
Bitter taunts from the souls He loves most.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 84)

give three sons to God for priests, but she must needs even be a missionary herself! What a wonderful life! How many women out in the world, with no ties, and nothing to prevent them, might do the same!

Pledge Tickets

Don't forget to send in to CLARE HAMPTON for pledge tickets. Even a small amount, sent in every month, will amount to something at the end of a number of months. We must help Father Ambrose to complete his program of rebuilding. Let us not fail him! He has had a hard pull of it.

Beadwork Bureau

Heartfelt thanks are due to all the kind souls who have purchased beadwork of us during the entire year. The missionary states that the poor Indians are constantly bringing him beadwork, which he gladly buys of them when he has the money; but sometimes he hasn't, and then the poor women are disappointed, for it is the only means they have of a livelihood. He sends us these articles, hoping a demand might be created for them by advertising. You are helping the worthy poor when purchasing these articles, and yet, the prices are far below what they ought to bring, considering the high prices of materials. Don't forget the two beautiful patch quilt tops we have, made by hand, every stitch by patient Indian women. Price, \$5.00 each, and well worth it. Write CLARE HAMPTON, 5436 Kansas St., St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. Helen's Consulting Room

(Continued from following page)

every child will take milk if it is not educated into a dislike for it.

Ques.—I have a bunion that is giving me a lot of trouble. Can anything be done for it?

Ans.—As a rule, if we knew the cause of a trouble, we could arrive at a cure. Sit down and take a good look at your foot. You will see at once that your big toe is dislocated less or more. You can tell just how much by laying a measure along the inside of your foot and observe how far the tip of the toe is away from the center line. Now you will notice that the joint is tilted out, and opposed to the pressure of the shoe. The skin has thickened to resist this pressure. The delicate nerve filaments running over the joint are stretched, an inflammation has set up, which is only nature's defense against the constant irritation the joint is subjected to, and you have what you call a bunion.

The cause of this condition is a long series of ill-fitting shoes—a shoe so shaped that the big toe was forced away from the middle line. You cannot cure it now by getting a properly fitting shoe, because that will not reduce the dislocation, but you can relieve much of the distress by having a shoe so fitted that there is the least possible pressure on the joint.

If the dislocation and its accompanying inflammation have gone beyond such a simple remedy, you can still go to the surgeon and have an operation performed, which will relieve you of further trouble, providing you begin from that time on to wear a properly fitted shoe.

All letters addressed to Helen Hughes Hielscher, M.D., c/o THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana, will receive the most careful and prompt attention. If the nature of the question calls for a private answer, enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

-:- Dr. Helen's Consulting Room -:- -:-

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER, M. D.

"I see my class is on the increase and that the Rackhams are still faithful."

Mr. R.—"Yes, we came again, but I hope you will go and tell us something this time. We want to know why Annie is fat and Willie is thin, and why the wife is always having headaches. There is too much lecturing."

Dr.—"I sympathize with you, Mr. Rackham, for I have been lectured to myself, but if you will have just a little patience—"

Mrs. Carey.—"Let her go on, Rackham, till we see what she is trying to get at."

Dr.—"That's a good idea, Mrs. Carey, and the thing I am trying to get at is, that it is not only necessary that we take certain quantities of food, but that it must be the right kind of food and that it must be in the proper proportion."

"The ancients learned to balance their food from experience, and we have the benefit of their long studies. The ancients had the advantage of the fact that there were not many dishes to choose from, while we have an endless number. However, we have a more thorough knowledge of what the body requires, and also of the foodstuffs that each dish contains."

"You read in the Bible of the loaves and the fishes. In the Greek stories of the meat and the cakes, these dishes were well balanced and not very different from what we eat, though the whole science of dietary is opened up to us. Bread and meat and vegetables still figure largely in our diet."

"Sometimes we think that wealthy people have wonderful food, but as a matter of fact they must use exactly the same foodstuffs as the poorer class, if they would keep their health."

"I am now going to tell you something about the food principles which we call foodstuffs. They are pro-te-ids, fats, and car-bo-hy-drates. The proteids are found largely in meat, but also in other foods. The fats are butter, lard, olive oil and all such fatty substances; and the carbohydrates are found in potatoes, bread, or such like starchy foods, though they are also found in a less degree in many other forms of sustenance. Mineral salts are important in the food as an aid to digestion, and there are also certain bodies known as vitamins, very necessary to the well-being of the individual. These vitamins are found in vegetables, especially greens such as lettuce, also in yeast."

"You do not need to keep all this information in your minds when you are preparing a meal, but it is good for you to know it, because your own common sense will at once teach you that, to be properly fed, it is necessary to eat a little of all these foods in proportion to their food principles."

"Now you will see that a child may sit at a table and select food that will be very poor in food principles, while another may sit at the same table and find there a well balanced meal."

"A mother may prepare for breakfast a dish of well cooked oatmeal and serve it with cream and sugar, and follow this with bread and butter and a glass of milk, also a little jelly or marmalade, and Willie may eat it and look plump and well nourished, while Annie may sit beside him and pick at a little bread, and plague her mother for some of her coffee, and end up by leaving the table without sufficient nourishment."

Mr. Rackham.—"Now you're talking, now you're sayin' somethin'. I always said to my wife: 'You have no more head on you than a hen. Why don't you make the childer eat what's set before them, sez I—"

Dr.—"Now, Mr. Rackham, you did not talk that way to your wife."

Mrs. Carey.—"You don't know Rackham, Doctor. That's just the way he would talk to her."

Mrs. R. (sniveling).—"Rackham may have the rough word, but he's better than the man that comes home with the 'moonshine' on him." (Looking daggers at Mrs. C.)

Dr.—"Now that is quite enough of that. We will return to the subject of feeding the child. There is too much of an idea in the world that we eat for pleasure. We may, indeed, get a pleasure from eating, if the food is well cooked, and the company pleasant, but we eat with a purpose, and that purpose is to supply the waste in the wear and tear of living. Every housewife should know what food best fills the need, and how much of it is necessary for the growing child especially, for growth uses up a great deal of energy, and this energy must be supplied by the food."

"The child should have the proper amount of food set before it, cooked in the way it likes best, and if it is not able to eat it at the breakfast hour, it should be put away until it feels like eating it. Very soon it will begin to eat at the regular time."

Mrs. L.—"I wish she had my Katie to manage. She'd soon find it was not so easy."

Mrs. H.—"It's easy seen she never raised a family of her own. I wish to the Lord she had my mob to feed for a week."

Dr.—"I hear you all very well, and I am ready to admit there is some truth in your remarks. However, it will do you no harm to know a little about the basis of feeding, and you may make more use out of it after you think it over. Remember I am not advancing any new theories about feeding, but stating those that are as old as life itself. I hope that you will continue in your critical attitude, for nothing brings out the different shades of meaning so well as criticisms, and contradictions, and you all seem to be very well equipped in that way."

"I will now answer some of the questions that you have sent in."

Question Box

Ques.—The doctor says that my blood pressure is 600 and that I am liable to drop any minute. How high should it be?

Ans.—I should think you should drop this very minute for telling such a story. No doctor ever said your blood pressure was six hundred. There is no hard and fast rule for blood pressure, but roughly speaking, the arterial blood pressure, which is the one you have in mind, is 100 plus your age. Thus, if you are fifty, your blood pressure should show about 150.

Ques.—The school nurse sent my little girl home with a card saying she was under weight, and that she should drink milk. She hates milk. Do you believe "on" milk for a little girl that hates it?

Ans.—I believe that milk is very good for a little girl under weight. The matter of her hating it is the result probably of some notion the child got in her head from hearing you or someone else talk about how you hated milk. It sounded good to her, so she thought she would make the "heroic act" and hate milk too. It is up to you to educate her out of the idea. She might begin with hot milk, or oat meal gruel made with butter and cinnamon, and thinned out with milk. Nearly

(Continued on foregoing page)

